THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

Written on an Old Grave near Fort Pulaski, Savannah.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Southern breeze has died away
On Fort Pulaski's bastioned wall;
No ripple stirs the sleeping bay,
No sound except the sentry's call;
The heavens are bright
With starry light,
The moon rides radiant queen of all.

The shadow by the rampart cast,
Falls on a grass-grown, nameless grave—
Speak, spirit of the mighty past,
Yield up your record of the brave:
His sword is rust,
His form is dust,
'Tis your's his memory to save.

Perhaps some ancient, faded form,
In long-gone years or distant clime,
Gave him a mother's love as warm
As ever blessed our childhood's prime.
Oh! mother, dear,
If thou dost hear,
Can mother's love be chilled by time?

Perhaps in early manhood's flush
Some shape of light, some household flower,
Yielded to him with many a blush
Her maiden heart, that priceless dower.
Could he arise,
Would not his eyes
Seek her in Heaven to bless that hour?

How fell he? By resistless ball,
By sabre cut, or bursting shell?
What matters it to him, to all
Who meet their death in doing well!
The good and brave,
Who die to save
Their homes and country, they can tell.

How sound he sleeps; in storms the surf
Rolls in long thunder on the shore.
Each blade of grass that crowns his turf
Quivers before that earthquake roar.
His deadened ear
No sound can hear,
Trumpet nor drum shall call him more.

The deep-mouthed guns that frown above,
And proudly guard the subject wave,
Can stir no pulse of fear or love,
Can wake no echo in his grave.
His race is run,
His prize is won,
God's blessing guard the sleeping brave.

Oh! soldier on that fortress stern,
Dreaming to win a deathless fame,
What spot shall be thy funeral urn,
What stranger hand embalm thy name!
For truth and right,
Fight the good fight,
March in the light of freedom's flame!

[These lines were written previous to the rebellion, but the sentiments contained in them may please or interest a portion of your readers, and might be applied to many a "nameless grave" not yet "grass grown." R. M. L.]

☞ Beauregard's claim of victory at Shiloh resembles that of John Phœnix in his famous tussle in the editorial sanctum at San Francisco. "I held the enemy down," said the irresistible Phœnix, "with my nose, which I had inserted between his teeth for that purpose."

THE WOMAN I LOVED,

AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

By the Authoress of "Agnes Tremorne."

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning Mannering and I set off directly after breakfast. Lascelles made an effort to join us, but we told him it was unnecessary, and that we felt that with a house full of young ladies, it was very selfish to occupy with sordid political cares the "likeliest man among us."

I do not think he was much disappointed. He wished to keep honestly to his bargain to work for the future member, but was not sorry to be off duty sometimes. As we galloped along, we saw, to our astonishment, Maynard, his wife, and Fanny, riding in the same direction. Mannering immediately put his horse beside Fanny's, and I joined Maynard and his wife.

"After I wrote to you," said Maynard, "I found we were all in the humor to ride towards the Combe this morning! and, not knowing whether my proposition to you would suit your other engagements, I resolved to strike while the iron was hot. Our combined forces will be quite a demonstration."

Nothing could be more cordial than Maynard. He talked to me of Italy, of Austria, of Paris, and I found him a man of great general information and of artistic as well as scholarly tastes. Nora never looked so well as on horseback, and was less reserved with me than usual. I heard Fanny behind us laughing at some of Mannering's sallies, and we all were in the mood for mirth and enjoyment, at least ostensibly.

I was resolved that none should guess what I felt on some subjects. Besides, I grasped at this new toy, this fresh ambition, with something of the feverish tenacity of a drowning man grasping at some straw for bare life. When we entered the farm-house which was our destination, I recognized to my surprise, in the wife of the farmer, an old housekeeper of my mother's. She was at Speynings when I left it to go to Vienna, and had nursed my mother in her last illness. Her face lighted up with pleasure as she recognized Fanny and Nora, and they all disappeared together while we went to the kitchen.

The farmer was a surly kind of man. He was disposed to be disputatious, too; one of those men who had a fuddled kind of notion over his pipes and beer, that but for the watchfulness of such as he, England would be the prey of a "bloated aristocracy." But like many others of his type, it was curious to see how all his opinions had been originated by his wife, and were held in deference to her. "My good dame" was quoted perpetually, and with the respect due to an oracle.

We should have found it difficult, I suspect, to do much with him, as all his professions of faith were diametrically opposite to ours, when his wife and the two ladies returned.

She had evidently been far more easy to influence, or had been better managed, for she walked straight up to her husband, and (by a series of nudges, and whispers, and contradictions, flatly interrupting him when he attempted an expostulation; and, twisting his words till he remained open-mouthed at their new meanings) completely upset his whole line of argument, and made him believe he was pledged to ours. It was very curious to look at them. This small, spare, peaky woman, whom he could have crushed between finger and thumb, evidently ruled most mercilessly the great brawny demagogue. I was no longer surprised at his confused notions—these sudden whirls of change must have kept up a chronic state of up-side-down in his brain.

When we left, I went up to her and asked her how she was, and told her I had recognized her. She instantly became radiant, and dropped a low curtsey. I asked her why she never came to see the old place?

She looked rather primly at Fanny.

"I shall be very glad if you would come," I added, "you and Speynings ought not to be such strangers."

She looked puzzled, and muttered something I did not hear.

When in the saddle again, we divided as we had done before, only that Nora, after a time, cantered on with Mannering and Fanny.

Maynard and I dropped behind, and in the intervals of our calls on other voters, we went on with a discussion we had commenced, and a theory he was expounding about the allegory contained in the Sacred and Profane Love of Titian.

I was much interested, for, to say truth, speculations of this kind were much more congenial to me than the business I was at present engaged in. Maynard was pleased, as we all are, when we get on a hobby and have met with sympathy. We were so absorbed that we did not notice the gathering clouds in the sky, and the large drops which fell, and the distant rumbling of thunder roused us as from a dream.

We were now all gathered together, our horses' heads side by side, as in such a predicament people always do, and then we hastened on, purposing to leave the Maynards at the rectory, and to proceed ourselves.

By the time, however, we did arrive at the rectory, the rain was falling in such torrents that the hospitable Maynard would not hear of our going further. We must wait till the storm was over.

Meanwhile we must dine with him. He seemed so bent upon it, that, after some little hesitation, we consented.

We caught that amphibious animal, the post-man, who fortunately left the letters at the rectory before he went on to the Hall, and sent a message by him that we were detained, and that they must not wait for us for dinner.

We dried ourselves as best we might, and while Maunering went to the dressing-room to array himself in some of Maynard's garments, the rector and I continued our conversation in his study.

I took an opportunity, however, of giving him the little packet for Fanny, and asked him to give it her, and tell her what it was. We were interrupted just as he seemed about asking me some question, relative, I thought, to Fanny's estrangement from her dearest friend's son, and I was too glad to escape giving him an answer.

I went into the drawing-room, but listened for a moment to hear if Mannering was there. I felt a reluctance to enter, if Fanny and Nora were alone, when, with the proverbial good luck of listeners, I caught the following words spoken by Fanny. Her raised voice was the sign of emotion.

"It is quite from a different cause, Nora, I assure you; nothing can alter the dislike and contempt I feel for *him*; but I helped him for his mother's sake."

"Here, Spencer," called out Mannering, "come here, and try and make yourself presentable. I am rather proud of my success."

We did not meet till dinner, and then I saw that Maynard must have given the packet to Fanny, for her eyes looked as if she had been crying, and her face had lost the set and resolute look it usually wore when I was present. Once during dinner, Mannering said:

"I cannot tell you, Spencer, how glad I am that you take so kindly to these electioneering struggles. I never thought it was in you, with your half-foreign education and long residence abroad. What pleasure it would have given my dear friend, your mother, could she have lived to see her son the member for G——. She had the clearest brains, and the strongest wish to use brains, time, influence, heart, for others, of any woman, or man, I may add, that I ever knew."

It was fortunate that Mannering's speech was long. Involuntarily I raised my eyes, and met those of Fanny, who sat opposite to me. She blushed painfully. I felt I turned livid.

After dinner there was music. Maynard was obliged to leave us. Nora and Fanny played and sang to Mannering, who said he wanted to get the Lascellian music out of his head. They asked him what he meant, but he refused to gratify them, and only said that it was distasteful to him.

I leant my elbow on the mantel-piece, and stood in deep, sad thought. How everywhere I turned I evoked some memory, or recalled some association which was painful. By this deep, deep pain, which every moment was sinking deeper and deeper into my heart, was I paying all those long arrears of heartless indifference and of selfish neglect.—It seemed to me that those words of Mannering's blighted all the desire that I had for success in this new object of effort.

While I thus stood quite absorbed and deaf to what was going on around me, Fanny came to me. Her sister was singing to Mannering, who was quite enchanted with her voice, and she had left them.

"I come to thank you for your kindness," she said.

"I do not deserve your thanks."

"For this remembrance of my dearest."

She stopped, and I saw the tears in her eyes.

"It's no act of mine—she had written your name on it—"

"Was it not with the others—"

"No. I found it in a desk which I had not yet opened. I was glad to find that she had destined it where I myself should have wished, but not dared to offer it."

"Thank you. It is so identified with her (you know she always wore it) that it is very dear and precious to me."

"And no one ought or should have had it but you, whom she loved so dearly, and who so loved her."

Fanny looked at me with something of a puzzled, inquiring air. There are tones which betray so much more than the words. Did mine betray some of my unavailing repentance?

I controlled myself, however; and as she was turning away, said to her—

"When I first returned from abroad, Maynard told me of certain charities which she had wished to initiate. At the time I neglected them, but now, if it were possible, I should like to fulfill those wishes of hers. Not to make myself popular, Miss Egerton," I said, for there was something in the half-surprise, half-doubt of her look, which stung me, "I could not attend to them till after the election has been decided; but then—"

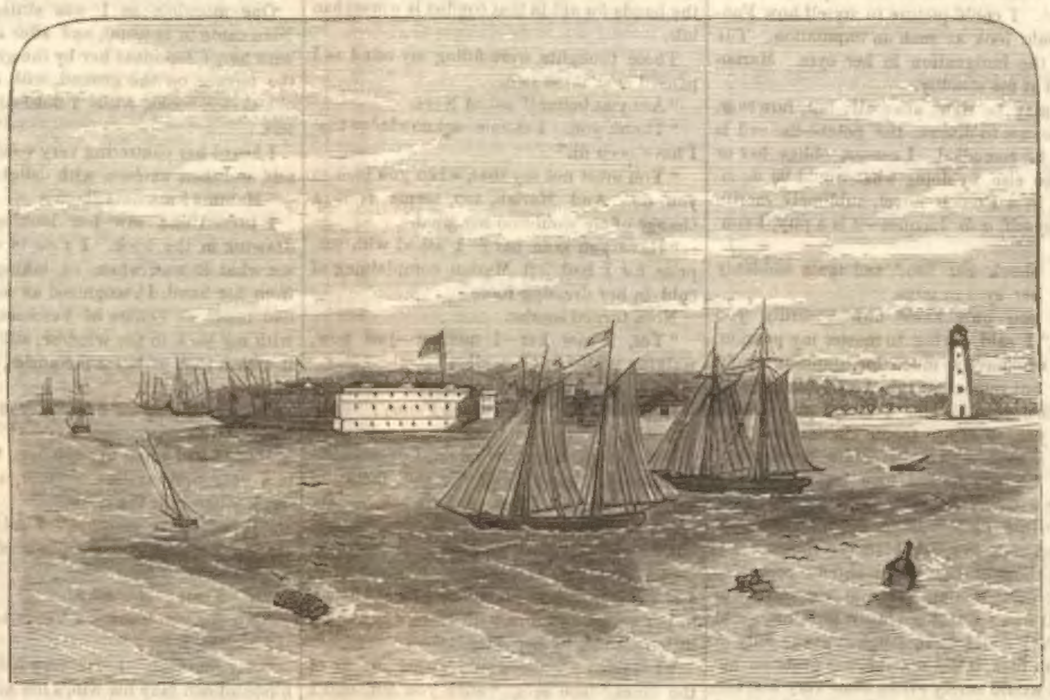
"I beg your pardon: again let me thank you for this unexpected kindness."

"Again: why should it be unexpected, Miss Egerton; could I have possibly done otherwise?"

"The brilliants are so valuable; and, indeed, at first I thought they had formed part of the set which I sent; I thought you would not have separated them."

"It was, perhaps, natural for you to think so," I answered, wearicdly, for I was thoroughly humbled and dispirited; "one is too apt to forget how low a place one holds in the opinion of some persons, and still more that we ourselves only are to blame for it."

Fanny looked at me with something of the steadfast intentness which had so often struck me in my mother's looks. It was not surprising that she had acquired a resemblance to her. She turned from me and rejoined her friend, and I did not speak to her again.



FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

Key West is one of the largest Islands in the group to the south of Florida, and east of the Marquesas. It has a fine harbor, protected by Fort Taylor, of which our artist has here given a representation. It is one of the keys to the Gulf of Mexico.—*Illustrated News.*

We left about ten o'clock, but on reaching Speynings I left Mannering to find his way to the drawing-room alone, and turned into the library.

I was ashamed of the momentary impulse which had exposed me to unnecessary humiliation. I was indignant also at the weakness, for there seemed to me to be a base desire of ingratiating myself with one who despised me, mingled with an honest wish to carry out the too-long neglected intentions of my mother.

"Let her despise me," I thought; "she cannot equal my own contempt for myself."

How I now longed for defeat in this present ambition of mine, which had been despoiled by Mannering's words of all its gilded promise. I had sought this escape from disappointment and satiety; and it was a miserable thought that, if successful, I should be congratulated on all sides as doing what had been most desired by one whose wishes during her life had never been studied by me. There are moments in life when a large and complete misfortune would be welcome; it would square the external circumstances with the utter despair of the inner being.

"My dear Hubert," said Marian, as she entered, "what are you doing here by yourself? Mr. Mannering has been giving us the most glorious accounts of your day; but I must say, looking at you, that you do not bear him out—you look bored to the last extent. What is the matter?"

"I am tired—but I was coming up."

"You need not, for they are almost all gone to bed; I came down only to see you."

"Who are left?"

"Only one or two—"

"Lord Lascelles?"

"Yes:—why? Did you want to speak to him?"

"No."

There was a pause, and our eyes met. I turned away mine first. In hers was something of that stern, dominant, over-bearing expression, with which it is said a sane person can control an insane one, or a human being master an animal. It was but a moment—but it was there.

"Good night, then; don't sit up all night."

And I heard the rustle of her soft satin dress along the passages. She did not return to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

It seemed that my evil wishes had called down their own accomplishment, for the next day news was brought to us that a neighboring gentleman, representing the same opinions as my own, was going to offer himself to the electors. My friends held a meeting, and, much to their mortification, I somewhat abruptly declared that I would not divide the votes on our side, and that I would not be put in nomination.

Mannering held up his hands at such Quixotic generosity, others were almost angry, but I was firm. I was accused of idleness, of caprice; Lascelles was especially indignant, and my wife seemed much disappointed, but I was not to be moved.

I saw that Marian watched me closely at this time. She scrutinized my words, and tried to read my looks. She could not understand me. Whatever she might say, she felt secure of her power over me; she would not have believed that it was over, had any one insinuated such a thing, and yet I was evidently changed. She redoubled her airy fascinations, and all but two persons would have considered her a model of a devoted and loving wife. These two persons were Lascelles and myself. Lascelles considered her as an angellic, mismatched being, who strove to do her duty to an unsympathizing, capricious brute of a husband, who did not care a straw for her, and who did not understand all the exquisite refinement and poetry of her nature, and who could not therefore be loved by her; and I—I read her as one reads a book, and no mere lip service would avail with me. Once or twice I saw she thought she had detected jealousy, and she was rejoiced. *That* could be controlled to her own purposes. Most of our friends had now left, and at last Lascelles found he had no excuse to linger, and took his departure. Mannering (who was to stay till the next day), Marian, and I, stood in the porch to see the last of the last detachment of our guests. Among these was Lascelles.

"So ends our pleasant time," said Marian, with a sigh.

"Yes, we have had a delightful visit," said Mannering; "what a pity it is over! but Spencer owes himself to the county, and the next time he shall not be allowed to slip through our fingers."

"Yes, most wives, I believe, feel, or affect to feel, a kind of jealousy of their husband's parliamentary duties; but I think Hubert would make a good member. He has both energy and persistence when roused, and he wants rousing—"

"He looks rather relieved, however, now, whether at being left at last alone with you, Mrs. Spencer, or at the absence of some of us, I cannot define. You really seemed glad to shake hands with that handsome fellow, Lascelles, Spencer; wasn't it a fact, now?"

"Very glad," I answered; "I do not wish to have Lascelles here again."

"Do you mean, Hubert, that you did not like a person who was devoted to you as Lord Lascelles was? I appeal to you, Mr. Mannering: could any one have worked harder than Lord Lascelles in Hubert's cause—how very ungrateful men are—"

"To each other?—Yes, I am afraid so; but between ourselves, Mrs. Spencer, Hubert did not like the Lascellian muse, or music."

We all laughed; but I detected Marian's eyes exploring my face with keen and inquiring scrutiny. The next day we were left alone.

It is an old proverb that says, "Murder will out," that stones will not hide, the heavens will not cover it, the reeds will speak it, the walls will whisper it; but even truer is it of love. We *cannot* conceal its life, we must betray its death. And yet I can honestly say that I endeavored to appear the same. Never since I had been married had I so sincerely tried to make Marian happy.—No, it should not be my fault if she were not so. I did not dare to be capricious, self absorbed, negligent; for the first time in my life I tried to rule myself. The ice was cracking so fast under my feet, that one unguarded movement would plunge me into the depths below. I must needs be wary. I had never striven so hard in all outward acts to follow the old precept, "preferring another to one's self," and my success was—null.

Marian saw through it, and tried me hard. I could be gentle, attentive, kind; but how impossible to stimulate the feeling which had once been the motive power of my being I cannot describe. A garden which had once been a paradise of choice and fragrant flowers, transformed by some elemental convulsion into a yawning chasm, was not more different from the state of my heart then and now. And she?—how inexplicable are women! I was convinced that she did not love me, that she could not love any one; that her whole nature had been unnaturally forced in one direction to the serious detriment and impoverishment of all others; that that insatiable love of pleasing which of all passions leaves most sterile the moral nature had been like a leprosy eating into her very soul, and yet how clearly I saw that she was striving to regain her power over me—but from what motive I could not define. She made use of her beauty, more dazzling in some respects at this period than I had ever seen it, as men use a falchion to cut down an enemy; she tried to rouse that she might sway those base instincts in me which had always been so submissive to her; she was Protean in the changes she assumed; tender, sportive, impulsive, gay, melancholy by turns, and wore her softest semblance to soothe, or her most *piquante* grace to excite, the passion, which she hoped yet existed, however palsied and wounded it had been. She must have had a deep reliance on my weakness. There were times, I confess, when a sort of diseased simulacrum of former unholy fires, a galvanic appearance of vitality in the seared corpse of what had once been passion would be awakened; but there were moments of revulsion when my whole man rose against her fascinations and revolted from her charms, and I.

hated her. I acknowledged to myself it was hatred. But these were only intervals; the greater part of the time I was internally in a state of stagnant apathy, while externally I tried to do my best, so to indulge her wishes and yield to her desires, that she should not have reason to complain of me, or to give herself the excuse of an unhappy home or an uncomplying husband to act the part of victim or martyr.

These were certainly the ghastliest and dreariest days of my life. Not a friendly star beamed upon me from any quarter. There was a mute duel *a outrance* between my wife and myself, and there was no chance of peace or of victory. I held no divining rod by which I could have discovered the life-springs of Marian's nature. Mine was not love, it was passion, and passion has no power to exalt or redeem.

Lascelles' name had never been mentioned between us since the day he left. Marian might have thought he had dropt out of my remembrance, but for one fact. I knew he was in the neighborhood, and we sometimes received invitations from the persons with whom he was staying, but these I invariably declined.

Marian never remonstrated, or noticed these refusals. She bided her time, and knew her man. He was subjugated thoroughly, and given but an opportunity, and he would be at her feet again. Her tactics at this time inclined her rather to resume the influence she felt she had lost over me. It mortified her, I know, to the quick to feel how completely she had lost, not, I dare swear, my affection, but that mystic and sensuous passion which had once made my whole being vibrate at her touch, her look, the turn of her head. Her mirror must have told her she had never been more lovely in certain respects than now; but she felt that the hind or the ploughboy who turned to stare at her when they met her appreciated her more than I did. Except in the courtesies to which I was scrupulous to adhere, she had lost the very *prestige* of her sex.

If she was mortified I was wretched. I had compassed my desires and this was the end. But I must bear it, and make the best of it. Perhaps the schooling I now underwent was of use to me; it was a bitter but bracing tonic.

I never refused a wish of hers, and she sometimes seemed to defy me, so wild were her caprices, but nothing was withheld that could be obtained. I also tried to interest her in some of my own pursuits. Maynard often came to us now; Nora more seldom, for she never appeared to advantage in her sister's presence; but Maynard was pleased to renew our art-discussions; and then I had followed up the intentions I had avowed to Fanny, and had worked hard to institute those charities, and develope those improvements which had been so dear to my mother.

Fanny I had not seen again, but I felt that both she and Nora assisted me indirectly in the parish; I traced their work everywhere, not only in the actual schools and workhouses, but in the change with which I was everywhere received among my poorer neighbors.

Though Marian had always been liberal-handed and good-natured, the shrewd villagers had long taken measure of her moral stature, and by some mysterious process of village chatterings it had been known that "Madam Spencer," as they called my mother, had not wished her to be her son's wife. That son, too, was more like a "furriner than an Englishman, and had never lived in the old place till he could not help himself." I would match a real country cottager for pride and reserve, and a power of repelling, with any aristocrat in the world, and I had never felt the least at home with any one of them. But now the case was different, and with Maynard, or without him, I was welcome. At first Marian accompanied me; but when she saw I attended more to the persons I went to see than to her, that it was the actual donations, and not the grace with which they were offered that interested me, she desisted, and I went alone.

At last, I fancy, she not only became bored with this kind of life, but began to reflect seriously on the future. Life to Marian was admiration, homage, adoration; how should she exist without it? And what was worse to know that it was hers elsewhere, but that she was deprived of it? Her thoughts must often have reverted to Lascelles at this period. I think she must have reflected long, and counted the cost often before she finally made up her plan to break through our armed peace. I observed that after a certain period she left off her lively sallies, and especially when Maynard was present, she adopted a spiritless, languid demeanor, which told of failing health or sinking spirits. At first I was deceived, and offered to take her away for change of air, but she declined it.

At last, one day, after Maynard and Nora also had dined with us, and she and Nora having left the dining-room early had had an opportunity for a long conversation, I observed on joining them that Nora looked as if she had been much vexed, and that Marian bore the air of a person who has discovered a secret. When they were gone she called to me:

"Hubert, I wish to speak to you for a moment. Why does Miss Egerton never accompany Nora here—to her old home?"

I was dumb with astonishment.

"Will you tell me?" she asked again, lifting her large eyes to mine.

"How can I?" I stammered out.

"I have long observed an estrangement between you, so strange and unnatural it seemed to me at first, when I remember you were like brother and sister; but I was so happy then" (she sighed faintly), "that I was perhaps unmindful of others—but now I can detect a good deal to which I was then blind."

"Are you not happy now?"

"Do not speak of me—I want your answer."

"What answer can I give?"

"Am I the cause?"

I was silent.

"Were you unfaithful to her on my account? Does she hate me because she loved you?"

Her voice was like music.

"Good heavens! what do you mean?"

"I asked Nora; but as usual Nora is so childishly violent—"

"Marian, what mischief inspires you?"

"Poor Miss Egerton," said Marian, crossing her feet languidly and leaning back, "she might not find my position so enviable after all. I think if a woman has been disappointed, the best cure for her would be to see, by some magic, into the heart of the man who has caused her sorrow, and of the woman who has supplanted her, when two years of their married life are over."

"I am sorry, if I understand you rightly, as regards ourselves, Marian; but it is my duty to tell you how entirely false is your first supposition. There is nothing Miss Egerton would consider as such an insult."

My voice was bitter and my cheek was flushed. I could picture to myself how Fanny would look at such an imputation. The scorn, the indignation in her eyes. Marian looked at me steadily.

"I may be right after all; but, however, it is no use to discuss the point—the evil is not to be remedied. I cannot oblige her or any one else by doing what would be *de rigueur*, in a French novel, sublimely sacrificing myself, *a la* Jacques—it is a pity, I confess."

She shook her head, and again suddenly raised her eyes to mine.

"If you only knew how absurdly you speak," I said, trying to master my passion, "you, who have so much fine intuition, would cease; but remember this, I will not listen to such insinuations, and I forbid you—yes, I forbid you, to repeat them. Believe me, Marian," I said, with a desperate revulsion of heart, "if *you* do not love me, no one else can or will—or has."

Her lips curled as in scorn, but before she had time to speak I left the room.

The thought that Nora should repeat to Fanny what Marian had said, was misery to me. It was a gratuitous insult to Fanny; and though I could have laughed at the folly of such an idea, it did not the less grate on me that it would surely evoke some very marked expression of dislike from Fanny. If she had felt the least inclined to soften her opinion of me and to manifest my mother's forgiveness by her own, this would harden her at once.

The fruit of it was seen by Maynard's constant refusal, after this time, to come to us. I often met him, and he called on me, but the intimacy that had sprung up between us was nipped in all its hospitable demonstrations.—For the rest, our entire agreement upon matters connected with Speynings, and those still more congenial subjects we had so often discussed, kept up our friendship—for it had become a friendship. I think he saw I was a very unhappy person, and as far as was in his power tried to support and console me.

But I was to drink still deeper of the poison distilled from my own follies and errors.

We never renewed this conversation; but I saw that it was Marian's fixed resolve to appear as if she had detected me in some infidelity. She was melancholy and silent when we were together, and remained alone as much as possible. She drove out with Nina, however, every day, and I am quite sure that wherever she went she must have left the impression of being an unhappy wife.

One tangible accusation can be proved false, but a general leaven of suspicion is invincible. So very beautiful a woman, surrounded with every advantage of position and fortune, could not appear, as she did, a prey to the most profound melancholy without exciting attention, and that the secret canker must be some vice in the husband was the inevitable conclusion at which persons arrived.

I was not aware of the extent of this till afterwards. I saw that she refused all invitations, and with the exception of drives and morning calls rarely left the house but when I was obliged, as I sometimes was, to go to some dinner-party alone, I could see by the inquiries with which I was assailed by some of the ladies, and some after-dinner jests of the men, that I was not very highly esteemed in my conjugal character.

All weak men have a desire to fly from present difficulties by change of place, and I often longed to put a world between us; but I conquered the wish. I would remain at my post. I had involved myself in many matters of business which required my personal attention, and besides my clear duty was not to leave Marian. I could now listen to the voice of duty and obey it, *quand meme*.

The only person who, I think, saw the real state of the case, was Maynard. A single-minded man of his sort could not, of course, fathom a character like Marian's, but he could see I was tried to the utmost by what he thought was only "fine lady caprice," but which was not the less trying to bear. He saw also that I was patient and anxious to please—one who would not be pleased.

I rarely saw the ladies when I went to see him; the announcement of Mr. Spencer was enough to send them out of the room if they were there. Once, however, while I was sitting there Nora came in.

"I beg your pardon, do not let me disturb you," she said. "But what is the matter?" she added, with almost a start; "are you not well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Maynard looked at me through his glasses.

"Nonsense, Spencer, you cannot be well with such a face as that. I had not noticed it before."

Nora certainly looked at me with surprise. She evidently had been shocked; and I felt for the first time what a haggard, hopeless-looking wretch I must have appeared.

A few days afterwards, as I was returning from the Rectory, I met Nora and Fanny. They did not pass me as usual with a hasty word and salute, but relaxed their steps as I came up to them.

Fanny's veil had been thrown back, though she drew it over her face as I approached. Something in her wistful and compassionate glance sent my thoughts back to a very distant date. I remembered the day when I met the two girls, and heard for the first time that Marian was betrothed to Warburton.

I remembered how Fanny had then put out her hand as if she would, in her girlish affection and kindness, have helped me to bear the blow under which I was staggering.

Then and now! Alas, a gulf divided me from that time, and yet, by the strange repetition of almost identical circumstances which one so often finds in one's fate, I stood perhaps in the same need as then; but now, no hand would or could be held out to me. I had placed myself where I was hemmed in by sorrow, yet cut off from sympathy.

Both men and women, if they have drawn a blank in the lottery of marriage, must bear the penalty alone. Feebly striking out the hands for aid in that conflict is worse than idle.

These thoughts were filling my mind as I paused near these two.

"Are you better?" asked Nora.

"Thank you. I cannot acknowledge that I have been ill."

"You must not say that, when you look as you do. And Marian, too, seems as if a change of air would do her good.

"Have you seen her?" I asked with surprise, for I had left Marian complaining of cold, in her dressing-room.

Nora turned scarlet.

"Yes, I saw her—I met her—just now, walking with Lord Lascelles."

I felt that I changed color.

"We are late," interrupted Fanny; "good morning."

But though they hurried on, I distinguished through Fanny's veil the sad, mournful expression which I had noticed before. On reaching home, I heard that Marian was still out.

She returned, however, soon afterwards, and came to me all blooming and animated, in her velvet and furs, with Nina, a charming little rosebud, by her side.

"I fancied a walk would dispel my fit of the blues," she said, "after you left, and I thought you would be sure to overtake us, for I had only just parted from Nora when you came up to her. I saw you as we looked back."

"Nora told me she had seen you."

She looked at me keenly for a minute.

"By-the-by, here is Lord Lascelles' card. I find he has been here, for it was with some others and these letters in the hall. I wondered, when we met him, where he had been, for I know what a *bete noir* he is of yours, and thought how disagreeable his visit would be to you. He had just joined us when we met Nora."

What perfectly acted smiling indifference!

"You are quite right. I do not like him, and I shall not receive him if he repeats his visit."

"I differ entirely from you," she said, with equal coolness. "I like him—he was one of my friends in Vienna, and to me he will always be welcome. I have never been accustomed to give up my friends to satisfy the caprice—or jealousy—of any one."

"Jealousy!"

"I may flatter myself in using that word. Let me say caprice, then." She paused.—"You know I never quarrelled with any one in my life, therefore, Hubert, you will not surely oblige me to do so with you."

"There is no necessity for discussion," I said, "but in this case my will must rule yours."

"Have you any reason for disliking that poor young man, except that—"

"What!"

"He likes me with that friendly and cordial regard which our old acquaintance and *my* seniority so entirely authorize."

Her eyes sparkled with a dangerous lustre as she said this.

"It is no use, Marian," I said; "while I am master of this house, Lascelles does not enter it."

"Do you understand how ridiculous you make yourself?"

"To that I am indifferent."

"Then this is your deliberate conclusion?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Come, Nina," she called to the child, "we must not disturb papa any longer; let us go up stairs."

The child ran in from the terrace where she had been playing during our colloquy, and I was left alone.

If I expected that Marian would show any temper after this dialogue, I was mistaken.—She was languid, melancholy, indolent, but as soft and gentle as usual.

The little asperities and inequalities which I had noticed in her before the period of the election had passed away. I suppose the fact was, she no longer felt dull; she had plans to develope and a plot to arrange.

I seldom saw her but at meals, and then our conversation was brief and reserved.—Poor little Nina, who was very fond of her "papa," as she had called me from the first, would sometimes run into the library and climb on my knee and try to make me smile, or flit about the room opening my portfolios, and books; and calling out her childish remarks and comments, would sometimes beguile a sad and solitary hour, till her *bonne*, or sometimes Marian herself, would call her from the window for her morning walk on the terrace.

It was a miserable time; the waning year added a melancholy of its own to my own cheerless existence. It was one of those strange, moist, unhealthy, warm Novembers which are so peculiarly exhausting and yet irritating to the nerves. Everything seemed surcharged with gloom. Gloom present and gloom expectant. A hushed and solemn awe pervaded Nature, a foreboding of evil from the elemental conflict of winter, and a preparation of the forces which were to be at first resistant and then victorious. Meanwhile, the trees were stripped and black; the landscape was scarcely discernible through thin sheets of white mist; the sky was heavy with the amassed though unshed rain, and the warm, steaming air saturated the earth with a penetrating and heavy vapor.

I went on my usual routine, but day by day I felt myself sinking. I dreaded illness, I dreaded fever, I dreaded delirium, which might betray my utter wretchedness. It would seem to many weak and unmanly to be so mentally and physically unstrung by what may appear an inadequate cause. I was conscious of this, and struggled with might and main to keep my footing, but it must be remembered that the failure with me was total, and deservedly so. I had more superstitious and feebler fibres in my nature than belong to most men, and the justice and fitness of suffering thus, in this spot where I had caused so much suffering, gave me pain—additional to the actual pain itself—that I had never been loved by Marian, and that I loved her no more.

One morning, as I was sitting writing, Nina came in as usual, and after a little talk with her, I deposited her by the glass door of the terrace, on the ground, with one of my old sketch-books, while I finished some letters.

I heard her chattering very volubly to herself, and then exclaim with delight—

"Mamma! mamma!"

I turned and saw her looking at some drawing in the book. I rose in surprise to see what it was, when, on taking the book from her hand, I recognized an old sketch I had made at Venice of Veronica. I stood, with my back to the window, still looking at it with a rush of bitter memories, till I heard her say:

"Look, mamma! I found you in papa's book!"

Marian had come to fetch her. She smiled, in a very Sphynx-like manner, as she held out her hand for the book.

"It isn't your mamma," I said, and was closing the book, but she persisted, and took it from me.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"No one you know—a Venetian."

I hesitated.

"Say no more. I was very indiscreet. A husband can take his wife's life and examine it through and through—backwards and forwards; tear up a leaf here—cut out a part there; but to a wife, a husband's life is sealed; she must be ignorant of the past—she must shut her eyes to the present, and she must not dream of inquiring into the future. I am learning my duty. Come, Nina, you have plagued papa quite enough for one morning, come."

She stepped back as she spoke, and as the wan November sun lit her face, there was a menace in her eyes which made her for a minute the image of Veronica as she stood by the lagoon on that last fatal evening.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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THE PENINSULA.

The evacuation of Yorktown, the pursuit, the battle of Williamsburg, the battle of West Point, the sailing of the Galena and two other vessels up James river, the bombardment of Sewall's Point, the rumored determination of the rebels to evacuate Norfolk, the reported closing in of General Burnside upon the rebel forces by a movement upon Weldon, all denote that the crisis of the rebellion has arrived.

Gen. McClellan at last has thrown off all appearance of inactivity, and is pressing the enemy, to use his own significant language, "TO THE WALL." To turn the retreat into a disorderly flight, to leave the discomfitted foe no time for reorganization, to force a large portion of them to lay down their arms in despair, is now the object of the youthful commander of the national forces.

That the whole country unites in thanks to every well-deserving son, the resolutions recently passed in the House of Representatives prove. On motion of Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, it was resolved:—

"That it is with feelings of devout gratitude to Almighty God, that the House of Representatives, from time to time, have heard of the triumphs of the Union army in the great struggle for the supremacy of the Constitution and the integrity of the Union.

"Resolved, That we receive with profound satisfaction the intelligence of the recent victories achieved by the armies of the Potomac, associated from their localities with those of the Revolution, and that the sincere thanks of this House are hereby tendered to Major-General G. B. McClellan, for the display of those high military qualities which secure important results with but little sacrifice of human life."

If Gen. Burnside be able to possess himself of and to hold Weldon, the rebels will have but one line of railroad—and that probably a still unfinished one—to retreat by, the road to Danville. But this one route would hardly suffice for so large an army, and the rear at least must be exposed to constant attack from our forces. Under these circumstances, we have high hopes that McClellan will be able either to capture or disperse the larger portion of the rebel army opposed to him.

NEW ORLEANS.

The conduct of our navy at New Orleans, as detailed in the official reports, will encircle with a new wreath of glory the annals of American seamanship.

Past the fire of two forts, through rafts of logs, and iron chains, and in defiance of fire-ships, floating batteries, iron-clad vessels and iron rams, the vessels of Com. Farragut's squadron made their heroic way, and raised the flag of the Union once more in the proud city of the South-West.

The mortar fleet, aided by General Butler, who landed above Fort St. Philip with 8,000 men on the 28th, compelled the surrender of the two forts. Leaving garrisons in them, Gen. Butler made his way up the river to garrison New Orleans.

Capt. Bailey, of the Cayuga, says:—"After we had passed the forts, it was a contest between iron hearts in wooden vessels and iron-clads with iron beaks, and the 'iron hearts' won."

All honor to our navy—the records of the world present no instances of more sagacious, cool and daring seamanship than they have afforded us within the last year!

EDUCATION.

A correspondent of the *Boston Courier* gives the following as a speech actually made at a recent town meeting in Dorchester, Massachusetts, by "Uncle Lem," one of the patriarchs of the town, and a representative of the "old school," in two senses:—

"Mr. Cheerman, education is run into the ground. Great big school-uses (school-houses) all over town, chock full o' ventilators, and steam pipes, and all kind o' fixins inside, and pyazzers, sixteen-corner gables, and windmill chimblies outside—a master for every room, and a schoolmarm for every closet. The committee man in his report, says, 'One of 'em is a flag-ship, and eight of the masters are a pulling on one oar.' That's pretty business for schoolmasters, and for us to pay for!

"When I was a boy, there were two school deestricts in town and each of 'em had a school-us ten foot high. They didn't pay $1,400 a year for cleanin' on 'em out and makin' fires. Boys took turns at that, and it did 'em good.—Boys are dressed up too much for that now.—Our deestrick school-us was down to Meetin'-hus hill. Dr. Harris, he was School Committee, and when we did our sums right he gin us a stick o' candy and never charged nothin' for that, nor for his services. The gentleman says, 'If out South they had such school-uses as we have, there wouldn't be any war.' Well, I guess there wouldn't. They'd soon use up their cash to home.

"Now, what's the good of so much eddication. The gentleman says, and he talks pretty big, that money for eddication of the poor is 'wrung out of wealth by democratic institutions.' That don't look to me quite honest.—Now, I believe that everybody should be eddicated. That is, he should be taught to read, write and cipher, and learn geography, &c.—*Give him that start, and if he is fit for it, he'll get the rest himself—Daniel Webster did!* If a boy ain't fit for it, he won't get it. *So, what's the use of rammin' in trade that's too big for the barrel?* If parents want to do it, let 'em do it themselves. Gin the boy a fair English eddication and then if he wants algebra, and astronomy, and philosophy, and geometry, and Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Choctaw, and what not, let his father pay for it! You and I hadn't ought to. We ought to feed and clothe the poor, but we ain't obliged to give 'em roast turkey and champagne every day, and send 'em to Huntington's to get measured for their coats, be we?

"Another thing, these boys get kind o' stuck up, and ain't satisfied with home and farmin' and mechanics' business. They are apt to get sassy and think they know mor'n their fathers and mothers. They most all want to go to college or into business.

"Now, Lord knows, there is more ministers, lawyers, and doctors, than there is any call for, and—as for business, I guess about nine out of ten business men bust up. It is a grab game, any way, and there is so much grabbing at it there ain't much spiece.

"What I've said about boys, I mean to say about the gals. Their ma'ams wear calicoes—they wear silks. Their ma'ams sweep out the house, make the puddin', and make trowsers and gowns; they stay home and read, and eat the puddin' and hire dressmakers.

"Now, somebody has to pay these extra bills for the boys and gals, as the town eddicates 'em and puts 'em up to it. I move the town makes an appropriation to support 'em, arter they've got an eddication they don't know what to do with."

We think our readers will admit that there is a good deal of truth in "Uncle Lem's" remarks. What he says about giving boys and girls in our public schools a fair English education, and allowing them to go farther, if they choose, at their own or parents' expense, has a great deal of homely good sense in it. While we have no idea of going back to the old school or rather no-school system, neither have we any idea of having all the boys taught the higher branches of education at the public expense. In fact we are inclined to think, with "Uncle Lem," that "there's no use in rammin' in wads that's too big for the barrel"—either at public or at private cost. Unless a boy manifests an unusual amount of mental capacity, he should neither be educated for a profession, or educated highly at all, unless under peculiar circumstances of wealth or position. And where there is natural capacity beyond the average, a way will always be found by it to acquire the culture it needs—either in the direction of the languages, the mathematics, or the natural sciences.

While we hold, however, to "Uncle Lem's" views as to the public schools in general, we do not mean to censure the better education of the High Schools of our own city, composed of a selection of a reasonable number of the ablest scholars from the general schools. The effect of such High Schools in inducing emulation and good order in the lower grade of schools, is probably not the least of their benefits. Besides, in the case of their pupils, sifted as they are from all the schools, it may reasonably be inferred that the "wads which are rammed in" are *not*, as a general thing, "too big for the barrel."

THE LAST FASHION.

Only the other day we heard that we had a couple of ladies in our midst, just from Paris, where their faces had been "enamelled," according to a custom recently introduced at the court of the Empress Eugenie.—Now we see that the *London Punch* quotes the following paragraph from an advertisement (as we suppose it to be) in the *London Morning Post*:—

"The Emperor Napoleon, in his judgment of women, held that it was their business to dress exquisitely and to look lovely, and as a proof how highly the ladies of the present day prize his judgment, enamelling has become quite general among the ladies of the *elite* who frequent fashionable and crowded assemblies, it being the only method ladies have of displaying their matchless beauty, and the only possessor in the world of that great art is Madame Rachel. It is effected by judicious appliances of Arabian herbs, which give a matchless brilliancy and lustre to the hair, teeth and complexion, rendering woman what she ought to be, beautiful beyond comparison."

The operation of enamelling is said to be just what its name implies. The face is covered with a complete enamel, and is said to present an appearance the peculiar character of which can be recognized at once. The operation is expensive, but the enamelling will last, we believe, for months, if not years. In these days of iron clads, it is perhaps only consistent that the ladies' figure-heads should be porcelain-clad. And the latter we should think would be as impervious to the soft artillery of Cupid, winged rosy from the lips, as the former from the more destructive bolts of Armstrongs and Dahlgrens. Whether a lady's enamelling will wear in accordance with the amount of kissing to which it is subjected, we are unable to say, but we think it very probable that the wear and tear of use would affect porcelain as well as other materials. On the other hand, kissing will probably go out of fashion—at least so far as gentlemen are concerned—with the coming in of the new custom. A vase may be very pretty and precious, and yet one does not generally desire to kiss it.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

We are not often able to lay before the readers of THE POST a more mournfully beautiful poem than the following, which we take from the last number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*:—

THE SONG OF DEATH.

Ye call me a cruel reaper,
And say that I love to mow
The fairest and sweetest blossoms,
And lay their young beauty low;
But, oh! if ye knew the heart aches
That all who like long must know,
Ye would hail me a pitying angel,
Your best friend, and not your foe.
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for your world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise.

Mine aspect is pale and chilling;
Cold, cold is my marble kiss;
But it seals the awful passport
To a world of eternal bliss.
Oh! if ye but knew, ye mothers,
The misery my stroke may spare
Your babies, I should be the watchword
Of hope, and not of despair!
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for your world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise.

O'er a bud of the Bordighiera,* *
A sweet little maid I passed,
Going, after long years of school-life,
To her palmy home at last.
When all round were weeping and wailing,
I said to myself, and smiled,
She'll have holidays in Heaven,
'Mid the immortal palms, sweet child!
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for this world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise.

On a delicate orphan flower
With cold prospects, but heart of fire,
I breathed in an east-wind, and bore him
Away to his Heavenly Sire.
While his mother was sobbing in anguish,
I thought she should weep with joy!
For 'tis God Himself hath provided
For her poor dear fatherless boy!
Ay! to hearts like his I'm an angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
He hath bidden a stormy world good-night,
And now sleepeth in sweet content.
What has *he* to do with a world of ice,
Whose climate and home are in Paradise?

E. D.

* The Bordighiera is a beautiful spot, celebrated for its palm trees, in the Riviere de Genes.

AFFECTING.

Story writers sometimes rather overdo it. Thus an English periodical, of fair reputation, now before us, contains the following passage:—

This effort to speak had been too great for poor Adelaide; a sudden faintness seized her, a cold perspiration followed, and her countenance changed color; once again, by an extraordinary effort, she seized Charles Norton's hand, saying, almost inarticulately, "Thine, love—thine—sincerely." This was her latest breath; her soul was at rest, for, leaning her head on the loved one's bosom, she had expired.

The poor old clergyman now took Charles Norton's hand in his, and kneeling down, reverently cried—"Lord Jesus, receive her spirit, and grant that we may all be resigned to THY will!"

* * * * * * * * *

Thus, with pious resignation, did the good old clergyman pour out his prayers before the Throne of Grace, and endeavor to soothe the feelings of his intended son-in-law. But Captain Norton was not so easily comforted. He knelt beside the body of the departed being, listened to her breathing, took her cold hand and pressed it to his lips, called

upon her in the most imploring language to return, to speak—to utter one word—only one word, to save him from despair; and then he would smite his brow, and give way to a low and murmuring agony, a thousand times more heart rending than cries.

The reader will note that in the above, we are first told that "this was her latest breath," and "she had expired," and then, afterwards, that Captain Norton "knelt beside the body of the *departed* being," and "*listened to her breathing.*" A little oversight of this kind is rather destructive of pathos. There is only a slight barrier between the domains of sorrow and mirth, and the veriest trifle often levels it.

It is reported that the Parrott gun has sent newly invented shot completely through a target formed of twelve one-inch iron plates and a backing of twenty four inches thickness of oak, at a distance of three hundred yards. At the same distance, another target, sloped to an angle of twenty-five degrees, representing the side of the Merrimac, backed by twenty-four inches of oak and covered with six one-inch iron plates, was completely perforated by every shot.

Our English friends better not be in too great a hurry in rebuilding their navy. We may show them yet, before we are done, that there is no use in having a navy at all.

NEWS ITEMS.

Gen. Pope's official report of the capture of Island No. 10, which is just published, says that he captured there 3 generals, 273 field and company officers, 6,700 privates, 123 pieces of heavy artillery, 30 field guns, 7,000 stand of arms, several wharf boats, immense quantities of provisions, ammunition, harness, wagons, horses, mules, &c.

Excitement at Norfolk.—The crew of the steamtug J. B. White, which deserted from the enemy, report that there was great excitement at Norfolk on the 8th. General Burnside was advancing with a large force, and was within a few miles of Weldon, N. C. The rebel troops are evacuating that city with all possible speed. Sewall's Point and Pig Point, they say, were already being abandoned, and preparations were being made to destroy the navy-yard and other public property.

Hampton Roads.—Another naval action took place at Hampton Roads on Thursday, though without any definite result. The fleet bombarded Sewall's Point for a number of hours, and there appeared to be a serious fire raging there, judging by the smoke. The Merrimac came out from Norfolk and maneuvred about; but as the U. S. fleet of wooden vessels all retired to Fortress Monroe, and the Monitor and Naugatuck remained alone waiting to receive her, the Merrimac thought better of it and hauled off. Some very important movements of the fleet were then made which have not been disclosed; but a large body of troops embarked on board the transports supposed to be intended for an attack on Norfolk.

The Iron-Clads.—On the 8th, the iron-clad gunboat Galena, with the Aristook and Port Royal, started up the James river. They will cut off river communication with the rebel army south of Chickahominy. Sewall's Point was evacuated. The Monitor, Naugatuck and several gunboats left for Sewall's Point.

Flag Officer David G. Farragut entered the navy on December 17th, 1810, and has consequently been an officer over half a century. He was born in and is a citizen of Tennessee, and has seen a very large amount of sea service.

Col. Berdan's Rifles.—The target rifle which has produced the crack shots of Col. Berdan's regiment is a very peculiar instrument. It is made with an increasing twist; it has a false muzzle—a contrivance which preserves the fine, true edge of the real muzzle from wear in the act of loading; the barrel is of steel; the balls are made of compressed lead; and the weapon is fitted with a telescope of such power that at four hundred yards it is possible to distinguish the color of a man's eyes. This rifle does execution at the distance of more than a thousand yards; and Col. Berdan has in his regiment no man who cannot kill an enemy with at least two out of every three shots, at the distance of a quarter of a mile. These are the men who are teaching the rebels a severe lesson before Yorktown. A party of thirty such shots can pick off every man from a battery of light artillery in one minute, at a distance of nearly half a mile.—*N. Y. Post.*

General Pope's Ambuscade.—Two Thousand Rebels Bagged.—A telegram from Pittsburg Landing (via Cairo), dated the 5th, says:—

Yesterday (Sunday) morning, Gen. Pope planted a battery in an exposed position in a field a short distance in advance of Farmington, leaving a small force of infantry to protect it, with the intention of drawing on a force of rebels who were encamped about a mile beyond.

This strategetic scheme succeeded admirably, for in about an hour two Mississippi and a Louisiana regiment came through the woods on double quick and charged on the battery. They had no sooner got clear of the timber than Gen. Pope, whose force was drawn up in ambush, completely surrounded the rebels, taking over two thousand prisoners, who were brought into our camp and taken to the rear.

Jeff. Davis Investing.—A correspondent under date of April 15, writes from Paris as follows:—"Jeff. Davis is not so wholly devoted to the cause of the 'Confederacy,' that he neglects entirely to look out for his own individual one. On the contrary, with a prudence and foresight which certainly, under all the circumstances, are decidedly laudable, he has been providing for a contingency, which, from present appearances, will soon be converted into a reality. I have it from the most undoubted authority, from a source which excludes the possibility of error, that he has, within the last four months, sent over two hundred thousand dollars to France, which is securely invested for him in French stocks."

The Lowest Race.—Prof. Owen has given it as his opinion that the lowest specimens of humanity which the world affords are the Andamans, who inhabit the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal. They are of diminutive stature, very slender limbs, and jet black. They have no utensils which will resist fire, and they cannot be induced to confer with strangers. The language of this people has not the least affinity with any other known.

☞ A certain nobleman sold a man a horse for a good round sum, which he took upon his lordship's word that he had no fault. About three weeks after, he met my lord. "Why, your lordship told me," says he, "that your horse had no fault, and he is blind of an eye." "Well, sir," says my lord, "it is no fault, it is only a misfortune."

THE VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

Official Announcement—Four Forts, and all the Steam Rams, &c., Taken—Arrival of the Bearer of Dispatches at Fortress Monroe.

The following dispatch was received at the Navy Department on the 8th, from Fortress Monroe:—

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

I have the honor to announce that, in the providence of God, which smiles upon a just cause, the squadron under Flag-officer Farragut, has been vouchsafed a glorious victory and triumph in the capture of the city of New Orleans, Forts Jackson, St. Philip, Livingston and Pike, the batteries below and above New Orleans, as well as the total destruction of the enemy's gun-boats, steam rams floating iron-clads, fire-rafts, and obstructions of booms and chains.

The enemy, with their own hands, destroyed from eight to ten million dollars' worth of cotton and shipping.

Our loss is 36 killed and 128 wounded.

The enemy lost from 1,000 to 1,500, besides several hundred prisoners.

The way is clear, and the rebel defences destroyed from the Gulf to Baton Rouge, and probably to Memphis. Our flag waves triumphantly over them all.

I am bearer of dispatches.

Theodore Bailey,
Captain (and second in command of the attacking force) of the Gunboat Cayuga.

Official Despatches of Flag-Officer Farragut.

United States Flag Ship "Hartford,"
Off the City of New Orleans,
April 25, 1862.

Dear Sir:—In the excitement of the last two days you must not be surprised if I leave undone many things which I ought to do, and one of which was to write to you on the occasion of my taking this city. But, thank God, it has been done, and in what I conceive a handsome style.

I had two Union men on board who had been forced into the Confederate service at Fort Jackson as laborers. They informed me that there were two forts near the city, and as we approached the locality I tried to concentrate the vessels, but we soon saw that we must take a raking fire for two miles, so we did not mince the matter but dashed directly ahead.

They permitted us to approach within a mile and a quarter before they opened on us. Captain Bailey, on the Cayuga, Lieutenant Commanding Hanson, was in the advance, and received the most of the first fire; but, although the shooting was good, they did not damage his vessel. The Cayuga then fell back, and the Hartford took her place. We lost (had?) only two guns, which I had placed on the top-gallant forecastle, that could bear on them until we got within half a mile. We then sheered off, and gave them such a fire as they never dreamed of in their philosophy.

The Pensacola run up after a while, and took the starboard battery off our hands, and in a few minutes the Brooklyn ranged up and took a chance at my friends on the left bank; but they were silenced in, I should say, twenty minutes or half an hour, but I cannot keep a note of time on such occasions. I only know that half of the vessels did not get a chance at them.

The river was too narrow for more than two or three vessels to act to advantage, but but all were so anxious that my greatest fear was we should fire into each other, and Captain Wainwright and myself were hallooing ourselves hoarse at the men not to fire into our ships. This last affair was what I call one of the little elegancies of the possession—a dash and a victory. But the passing of the Forts Jackson and St. Phillip was one of the most awful sights I ever saw.

The dust was so dense that it was only now and then you could see anything but the flash of the cannon and the fire ships or rafts, one of which was pushed down upon us (the Hartford) by the Ram Manassas, and in my effort to avoid it, ran the ship on shore, and then the raft was pushed alongside, and in a moment the ship was one blaze all along the port side, half way up the main and mizzen tops; but, thanks to the good organization of the Fire Department by Lieut. Thornton, the flames were extinguished, and at the same time we backed off and got clear of the raft.

All this time we were pouring the shells into the forts, and they into us, and every now and then a rebel steamer would get under our fire and receive our salutation of a broadside. At length the fire slackened, the smoke cleared off, and we saw, to our surprise, that we were above the forts, and here and there a rebel gunboat on fire. As we came up with them, trying to make their escape, they were fired into and riddled so that they ran them on shore, and all who could made their escape to the shore. I am told, I do not know how truly, that Gen. Lovell had come down that evening, to make an attack with thirteen gunboats, a large ram of eighteen guns, and the Manassas.

The Manassas and the Mississippi made a set at each other at full speed, and when they were within thirty or forty yards the ram dodged the Mississippi and ran on shore, when the latter poured her broadsides into her, knocked away her smoke-stack, and then sent on board of her; but she was deserted and riddled, and after awhile she drifted down the stream, full of water. She was the last of the eleven we destroyed, but the larger ram was still at Fort Jackson, but they say here that she was sent down before she was ready, and that she will have to surrender with the forts, which I hope will be to-day or to-morrow. I will give them my attention as soon as I can settle the affairs of the city.

I demanded the surrender of the city yesterday of the Mayor, through Capt. Bailey, as the second in command. His reply was that the city was under martial law, and he would consult Gen. Lovell. His lordship said he would surrender nothing, but at the same time he would retire and leave the Mayor unembarrassed.

This morning the Mayor sent his Secretary and Chief of Police to see me, and say that he would call the City Council together at 10 o'clock, and give me an answer, and that the General had retired, and that he had resumed the duties of his office as Mayor, and would endeavor to keep order in the city and prevent the destruction of property.

I sent him, by his Secretary, the letter marked No. 1, of which a copy is inclosed. I also sent him a letter demanding the surrender of the city, in conformity with the demand made by me yesterday, through Capt. Bailey. (Copy No. 2.)

This morning, at 6 A. M., I sent to Capt. Harris, whose ship commanded the Mint, to take possession of it, and hoist the American flag thereon, which was done, *and the people cheered it.*

At 10 o'clock I sent on shore again, and ordered Lieut. Kortz, of the Navy, and Brown, of the Marines, with a Marine Guard, to hoist the flag on the Custom House; but the excitement of the crowd was so great that the Mayor and Councilmen thought it would produce conflict and great loss of life. At 11 o'clock a signal was made to the fleet for divine service, under a general order. (Copy No. 3.)

On April 26th, in the afternoon, having been informed that there were two forts eight miles above the city, at a place called Carrolton, I determined to take a look at them, and demolish them. We accordingly ran up, but to our surprise we found the gun carriages all on fire, and, upon examination, found the guns all spiked. It was a most formidable work for Commodore Foote to encounter on his way down, consisting of a long line of defences extending back from the river to Lake Ponchartrain, both above and below the city, on which there were 29 and 30 guns each.

Immediately on my getting above the forts, I sent Capt. Boggs, who is now deprived of a command by the sinking of his ship, which he had so nobly defended, down to Captain Porter, through the bayou at the Quarantine, directing him to demand the surrender of the forts. His demand was at first refused: but the soldiers told their officers that we were in their rear, and that they would not be sacrificed. So this morning, the 29th, the gallant Bailey brought us the intelligence in the Cayuga, Capt. Hamson, that the forts had surrendered, the rams blown up, and that the American flag floats over both forts.

I have sent down for General Butler's troops to come up and occupy the city, and will soon be off for Mobile. Depend upon it, we will keep the stampede up. I send Capt. Bailey home as bearer of dispatches. He has done his work nobly, and that while suffering under an infirmity which required attention and repose.

I am, very truly and respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. G. Farragut,
Flag Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.
To G. V. Fox, Assistant Sec. of Navy.

[Here follows a letter from D. G. Farragut to the Mayor of New Orleans, demanding a surrender, which has been already published.]

U. S. Flag-Ship Hartford, at Anchor off the City of New Orleans, April 26, 1862.

To His Honor the Mayor of New Orleans:—

Your Honor will please give directions that no flag but that of the United States will be permitted to fly in the presence of this fleet, so long as it has the power to prevent it, and as all displays of that kind may be the cause bloodshed, I have to request that you will give this communication as general a circulation as possible.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. G. Farragut,
Flag Officer W. G. B. Squadron.

U. S. Flag-Ship Hartford, at Anchor off City of New Orleans, April 29, 1862.

Sir:—I am happy to announce to you that our flag waves over both Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and at New Orleans over the Custom House. I am taking every means to secure the occupation, by General Butler, of all the forts along the coast. Berwick's Bay and Fort Pike have been abandoned. In fact, there is a general stampede, and I shall endeavor to follow it up. I am bringing up the troops as fast as possible.

We have destroyed all the forts above the city, four in number, which are understood to be all the impediments between this and Memphis.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
D. G. Farragut,
Flag Officer W. G. B. Squadron.
To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of Navy, Washington, D. C.

["The coast" referred to in this dispatch, is the common name for the shore of the Mississippi, from New Orleans up to Natchez.]

Dispatch of Commodore Porter—Infamous Conduct of the Rebels.

U. S. Ship Harriet Lane,
April 29, 1862.

Sir:—The morning after the ships passed the forts, I sent a demand to Colonel Higgins for a surrender of the forts, which he declined.

On the 27th, I sent Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins a communication, herewith enclosed, asking again for the surrender. His answer is enclosed.

On the 28th I received a communication from him, stating that he would surrender the forts, and I came up and took possession, drew up articles of capitulation, and hoisted the American flag over the forts. These men have defended the forts with bravery worthy of a better cause. I treated them with all the consideration that circumstances would admit. The three steamers remaining were under the command of Commander J. K. Mitchell. The officers of the fort acknowledged no connection with them, and wished in no way to be considered responsible for their acts. While I had a flag of truce up they were employed in towing the iron floating battery of sixteen guns, a most formidable affair, to a place above the fort, and while drawing up the articles of capitulation in the cabin of the Harriet Lane it was reported to me that they had set fire to the battery, and turned it adrift upon us.

I asked the General if it had powder on board or guns loaded. He replied that he would not undertake to say what the navy officers would do. He seemed to have a great contempt for them. I told him we could stand the fire and blow up if he could, and went on with the conference, after directing the officers to look out for their ships.

While drifting down on us, the guns getting heated, exploded, throwing the shot above the river. A few moments after the battery exploded, with a terrific noise, throwing the fragments all over the river, and wounding one of their own men in Fort St. Philip, and immediately disappeared under water. Had she blown up near the vessels, she would have destroyed the whole of them.

When I had finished taking possession of the forts, I got under way in the Harriet Lane and started for the steamers, one of which was still flying the confederate flag. I fired a shot over her and they surrendered. There was on board of them a number of naval officers and two companies of marine artillery. I made them surrender unconditionally, and for their infamous conduct in trying to blow us up, while under a flag of truce, I conveyed them to close confinement as prisoners of war, and think they should be sent to the North and kept in close confinement there until the war is over, or they should be tried for their infamous conduct. I have a great deal to do here, and will send you all the papers when I am able to arrange them.

I turned over the forts to General Phelps. Fort Jackson is a ruin. I am told that over eighteen hundred shells fell in and burst over the centre of the fort. The practice was beautiful. The next work we go at we will settle sooner, as this has been hard to get at. The naval officers sunk one gunboat while the capitulation was going on, but I have one of the other steamers at work, and hope soon to have the other. I find that we are to be the bearers of wood and drawers of water; but as the soldiers have nothing here in the shape of motive power, we will do all we can. I should have demanded an unconditional surrender, but with such a force in your rear it was desirable to get possession of these forts as soon as possible.

The officers turned over everything in good order except the walls and buildings, which are terribly shattered by the mortars.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) D. D. Porter, Commanding.
To Flag-Officer D. G. Farragut.

U. States Steamer Harriet Lane,
Mississippi River, April 30, 1862.

Sir—I enclose herewith the capitulation of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which surrendered to the mortar fleet on the 28th day of April, 1862. I also enclose in a box I forwarded on this occasion all the flags taken in the two forts, with the original flag hoisted on Fort St. Philip when the state of Louisiana seceded.

Fort Jackson is a perfect wreck. Everything in the shape of a building in and about was burned up by the mortar shells, and over eighteen hundred shells fell in the work. It is proper to say nothing of those which burst over and around. I devoted but little attention to Fort St. Philip, knowing that when Fort Jackson falls Fort St. Philip would follow.

The mortar flotilla is still fresh.

Truly the backbone of the rebellion is broken.

On the 26th of the month I sent six of the mortar schooners to the back of Fort Jackson to block up the bayous and prevent supplies getting in.

Three of them drifted over to Fort Livingston, and when they anchored the fort hung out a white flag and surrendered. The Kittatinny, which had been blockading there for some time, sent a boat in advance of the mortar vessels, and reaching the shore first deprived them of the pleasure of hoisting our flag on what had been surrendered to the mortar flotilla. Still the fort is ours, and we are satisfied. I am happy to state that the officers and crew are all well and full of spirits.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant.
(Signed) David D. Porter.
To Hon. Gideon Welles.

The commanders of the English and French war vessels in the Mississippi told our officers that they would fail in the attempt to capture New Orleans.

BATTLES OF WILLIAMSBURG AND WEST POINT.

Harrisburg, May 9.—The following dispatch was received by Gov. Curtin, from Washington, this afternoon:

To Governor Curtin:—A New York friend in Gen. McClellan's advance writes me as follows:

The battle of Williamsburg was a most brilliant engagement, and the victory complete.

Hooker's and Smith's divisions, and parts of Casey's and Kearney's, were actively engaged all day, and an equal force held in reserve. The enemy had forty thousand under Johnson, Longstreet and Early, their troops being principally from the extreme South.—Our killed and wounded will reach eight hundred. The enemy left five hundred wounded in Williamsburg, and retreated beyond Chickahominy.

A reconnoissance by our cavalry to that stream, found no fortifications, and captured many prisoners and arms. McClellan will probably remain in Williamsburg two or three days. Franklin and Sedgwick's divisions are at West Point. The Pennsylvania regiments behaved, it is conceded, by general consent, splendidly. The 102d, 93d, 49th, 98th, 26th, 105th, 57th, and 63d Pennsylvania regiments, and perhaps others, were engaged. Averill's 3d cavalry led the advance, and did magnificently, and Col. Small, who is wounded, fought well. The 105th, 63d, and 57th, under Jamison, first entered Williamsburg, and they will probably be detained there for duty. The 23d was the first in the chief fort. Birney's brigade was under fire all day. The enemy's fortifications at Williamsburg were most formidable.

Another account says:—

The affair at Williamsburg, which at first appeared a skirmish, has swelled through all the gradations of a collision, an attack by the enemy, a repulse, a battle, and a decisive victory. It is necessary, therefore, for the public to know that a severe and desperate battle has been fought at Williamsburg, and that after a great deal of very hard fighting, we have gained advantages over the enemy so decisive as to demoralize their forces, and produce a continued and disastrous retreat.

It is true that this victory has not been cheaply purchased, for we have lost three hundred men killed, seven hundred wounded, and some eighty captured. But how terrible the blow must have been to the enemy, may be seen in the fact that they left nine hundred of their men dead on the field, and as the proportion of wounded in battle is at least double the killed, there must have been near two thousand wounded. In round numbers it would be fair to assume that the enemy lost three thousand men in this battle, besides two of their redoubts, and being compelled to retreat in haste from their fortified position.

The New York and New Jersey regiments engaged in the battle, behaved splendidly.

Gen. Sickles's Excelsior Brigade, of Gen. Hooker's division, bore the great brunt of the battle, and fought most valorously, although greatly overpowered by numbers, and the superior position and earthworks of the enemy. The approaches to their works were a series of ravines and swamps, whilst the rain fell in torrents throughout the day. The men had also been lying on their arms all the previous night in the woods, soaked with rain and chilled with cold.

The battle raged from early in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when Gen. McClellan arrived with fresh troops, and relieved the division of Gen. Hooker, who were nearly prostrated with fatigue and exposure—whilst the 3d Excelsior regiment of the brigade had its ranks terribly thinned by the balls of the enemy. They are represented as having fought with such impetuous bravery that not less than two hundred of them were killed and wounded. After the arrival of Gen. McClellan, the rebels were fiercely charged upon by Hancock's brigade, and were driven within their works before nightfall, with a heavy loss. Nearly seven hundred of their dead were left on the field, with many wounded, though most of the latter were carried into Williamsburg. Our loss was less than three hundred killed, and about seven hundred wounded.

Night having come on, we occupied the battle field, the enemy having been driven within his works. A large number of wagons and munitions of war, and a considerable store of provisions were found in town, whilst the road was strewn for many miles with arms and accoutrements.

BATTLE OF WEST POINT.

Fortress Monroe, May 8.—By the steamer from Yorktown I learn that Gen. McClellan had advanced 12 miles beyond Williamsburg, and has had several skirmishes with the enemy, routing them with heavy loss.

The embarkation of troops for West Point is progressing with great rapidity.

A heavy battle took place on Wednesday afternoon, between the troops of Gen. Franklin and Gen. Sedgwick and the rebels under Gen. Lee, who were endeavoring to make their way to Richmond. It is said to have been the severest battle on the peninsula.

The rebels were totally routed and flanked, being driven back towards the force under Gen. Johnson, on the Chickahominy.

The whole number of U. S. troops killed and wounded was 300. The enemy were driven back by our gun-boats with great slaughter. The enemy had not less than 30,000 men, while our whole force at the time was not over 20,000, only that number having landed. Had it not been for the gun-boats our force would have been defeated.

DISPATCH FROM GEN. McCLELLAN.

Williamsburg, May 9, 12 M.

To the War Department.

I heard, a few minutes ago, that the Galena was aground off Hog Island; I judge not badly, for the reason that Capt. Rogers does not throw over his coal. I have sent him all the assistance he asks.

My troops are in motion and in magnificent spirits. They have all the air and feelings of veterans. It would do your heart good to see them. I have effected a junction with Gen. Franklin.

Instructions have been given so that the navy will receive prompt support whenever and wherever required.

George B. McClellan,
Major-General Commanding.

LATEST NEWS.

Norfolk Surrendered to U. S. Troops.

Portsmouth and the Navy Yard Repossessed.

THE MERRIMAC BLOWN UP AND BURNED.

President Lincoln in the Field.

THE REBEL STEAMER YORKTOWN SUNK AND The Jamestown Captured by the Galena.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

Gen. Franklin Reported in Richmond.

NAVAL VICTORY ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

FROM GEN. HALLECK'S ARMY.

A Skirmish Near Monterey.

MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

Washington, May 11.—The following was received at the War Department this morning:

Fortress Monroe, May 10—12 o'clock at night—Norfolk is ours, and also Portsmouth and the Navy Yard.

Gen. Wool having completed the landing of his forces at Willoughby Point about 9 o'clock this morning, commenced his march on Norfolk with 5,000 men.

Secretary Chase accompanied the General.

About five miles from the landing place, a rebel battery was found on the opposite side of the bridge over Tanner's Creek. After a few discharges of companies of infantry, the rebels burned the bridge. This compelled our forces to march around five miles further.—At five o'clock in the afternoon our forces were within a short distance of Norfolk, and were met by a delegation of citizens, and the city was formally surrendered. Our troops marched in, and we now have possession.

Gen. Vielle is in command as Military Governor. The city and Navy Yard were not burned. The fires which have been seen for some hours proved to be the woods on fire.

Gen. Wool, with Secretary Chase, returned about 11 o'clock to-night.

Gen. Huger withdrew his force without a battle.

The Merrimac is still off Sewall's Point.

Com. Rogers' expedition was heard from this afternoon ascending the James river.

The reports from Gen. McClellan are favorable. Edwin M. Stanton.

The following has just been received:—

Fortress Monroe, May 11.—To the Hon. P. H. Wilson, Assistant Secretary of War.—The Merrimac was blown up by the rebels at 2 minutes before 5 o'clock this morning. She was set fire to about 3 o'clock. The explosion took place at the time stated. It is said to have been a grand sight to those who saw it.

The Monitor, Stevens, and the gunboats have gone up towards Norfolk.

E. S. Sanford, Military Supervisor.

Details of the Advance on Norfolk.

President Lincoln in the Field.—He Lands at Willoughby's Point.

Fortress Monroe, May 9—P. M.—Old Point this evening presents a most stirring spectacle. The transports, gathering in the stream, have on board cavalry, artillery and infantry, and will soon be prepared to start. The guns on the Rip Raps are pouring shot and shell into Sewall's Point, and a bright light in the direction of Norfolk leads to the supposition that the work of destruction there has commenced.

President Lincoln, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, is superintending the expedition himself. About six o'clock he went across to the place selected for landing, which is about a mile below the Rip Raps. It is said that he was first to step on shore, and after examining for himself the facilities for landing, returned to Old Point, where he was received with enthusiastic cheering by the troops who were embarked.

Willoughby's Point, Saturday morning, May 10.—The troops left during the night, and at daylight could be seen from the Fortress wharf, landing at Willoughby's Point, a short distance from the Rip Raps. The point at which we have landed is known as Point Pleasant, one of the favorite drives from Norfolk.

The first regiment landed was the 20th New York, known as Max Weber's regiment, who pushed on immediately, under the command of Gen. Weber, and were, at 8 o'clock in the morning, picketed within five miles of Norfolk. The 1st Delaware, Col. Andrews, was pushed forward at 9 o'clock, accompanied by Generals Mansfield and Vielle and staff. They were soon followed by the 16th Massachusetts, Col. Wyman. The balance of the expedition consists of the 10th New York, Col. Benedix; the 48th Pennsylvania, Col. Bailey; 99th New York Coast Guard; Major Dodge's battalion of mounted rifles, and Capt. Follett's company D, of the 4th regular artillery. Gen. Wool and staff remained to superintend the landing of the balance of the force, all of whom were landed and off before noon.

The President, accompanied by Secretary Stanton, accompanied Gen. Wool and staff to the wharf, and then took a tug and proceeded to the Minnesota, where the President was received with a national salute.

The bombardment of Sewall's Point was the beginning of the movement, and the effect upon the rebel batteries is known to be severe.

Reported Capture of the Rebel Steamer Jamestown—The Rebel Steamer Yorktown Sunk.

New York, April 11.—Special dispatches state that the iron-clad steamer Galena has sunk the rebel steamer Yorktown and captured the Jamestown on the James river.

From General McClellan's Army.

New Kent Court House, Va., May 10.—3 o'clock P. M.—The pursuit of the retreating rebels by our troops, under command of Gen. Stoneman, has in every respect been successful. His headquarters are now here, within 27 miles of Richmond, while the advance, consisting of the 8th Illinois cavalry, is 5 miles ahead.

The enemy is in sight but gradually falling back. The inhabitants have in nearly every instance left, but from the best information that has been obtained, the enemy will make a stand at Bottom's bridge, 15 miles from Richmond, and the head waters of the Chickahominy river.

Gen. McClellan with the main body of the army is rapidly following up within a few miles of Cumberland. A small town on the Pomonkey river, 2½ miles from here, was deserted this morning by the enemy and is now occupied by our troops.

There are no rebels to be seen, as reported by our scouts, this side of the Chickahominy river, except in the direct road to Richmond.

The force under Gen. Stoneman consisted of the 2d Rhode Island and 98th Pennsylvania regiment of infantry, Capt. Robinson's battery of light artillery, and the 6th cavalry under Major Williams.

The rear guard of the enemy which remained here last night, and which our men had to drive before them, was Gen. Longstreet's division, consisting of ten regiments of infantry and two batteries, and a regiment of the 1st Virginia cavalry.

The engagement yesterday between our advance and the enemy's rear at Slater's Mills, 3 miles from here, resulted in fourteen of the enemy's cavalry being killed and several taken prisoners. They secured the wounded.

The railroad from that point to the bridge, where it crosses the Pomonkey river, has been torn up. The destruction of the bridge will probably follow.

Gen. Franklin Reported in Richmond.

A Baltimore correspondent, under date of 10th inst, says:—"The news from Richmond to-day is too good to be kept back an hour, if it can be avoided. Gen. Franklin is in Richmond."

Two Rebel Gunboats Blown Up and One Sunk.

Flag-Ship Benton, above Fort Pillow, Mississippi, May 10, via Cairo, May 11.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of Navy:—The naval engagement which the rebels have been preparing took place this morning.

The rebel fleet, consisting of eight iron-clad gunboats, four of which were fitted up with rams, came down handsomely.

The action lasted one hour.

Two of the rebel gunboats were blown up and one sunk, when the enemy retired precipitately under the guns of the fort.

Only six vessels of my squadron were engaged. The Cincinnati sustained some injury from the rams, but will be in fighting condition to-morrow.

Captain Stemble distinguished himself. He is seriously wounded.

The Benton is uninjured.

Mortar boat No. 16, in charge of Second Master Gregory, behaved with great spirit.

The rebel squadron is supposed to be commanded by Commodore Hollins.

(Signed) C. H. Davis,
Captain Commanding the Western Flotilla on the Mississippi river, *pro tem.*

From Gen. Halleck's Army.

Cairo, May 10.—(Special to the Chicago Times.)—The steamer Continental, from Pittsburg, has arrived.

Gen. Halleck, at the head of 60,000 cavalry and infantry, with several batteries, made a reconnoissance on Thursday morning, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of the enemy. At the time the Continental left Pittsburg the expedition had not returned.

Our line was being extended so that our advanced pickets now occupy the ground lately held by the rebels.

The enemy's pickets posted in Corinth are within rifle range of our pickets.

A Skirmish Near Monterey.

Monterey, Tenn., May 10.—Deserters from the Louisiana regiments, who were in the skirmish yesterday, just arrived, state that the rebel force was 35,000 strong, under Bragg, Van Dorn, Hardee, and Price, with 30 pieces of artillery. Their purpose was to overwhelm and drive our left into the Tennessee river. Their loss was heavy both in officers and men. Our loss was 30 killed and about 70 wounded.

Railroad Train Captured by Morgan.

Louisville, May 11.—One hundred and forty-three of Morgan's cavalry, at noon to-day, captured forty-eight freight cars, four passenger cars, and two locomotives, at Cave City, Ky. Morgan supposed the train would contain 280 cavalry prisoners, bound northward.

Retaliatory Measure of Gov. Johnson.

Nashville, May 10.—Governor Johnson has issued a proclamation announcing that for every Union man captured or maltreated by marauding bands, five or more prominent rebels shall be arrested, and for all property of loyalists destroyed ample remuneration shall be made to them out of the property of such in the vicinity as have given aid, comfort, information or encouragement to parties committing such depredations. The order will be executed to the letter, and special warning is given accordingly.

In Western Virginia the brigades of Schenck and Milroy have formed a junction at McDowell, and had a fight with the enemy. Our loss was six killed and seventy-five wounded.

A dispatch from Cairo says that Beauregard has issued a proclamation, stating that the Union forces virtually had possession of the Mississippi river, and ordering all the rebel forces to be sent to Corinth, and that all the cotton, sugar and molasses should be destroyed, which order is being obeyed.

From Fort Wright we have reports of the withdrawal of all the land forces from that post to reinforce the army at Corinth, having barely enough men to work the guns.

On Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock, the new iron-clad steamer Ironsides, was launched at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators.

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Beauregard in Danger of being Surrounded—Buell Between Corinth and Grand Junction—Pope South of Corinth.

Chicago, May 8th.—A special dispatch from Cairo to the Times says it is reported from Pittsburg Landing that three brigades of Gen. Buell's army had seized that part of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad midway between Corinth and Grand Junction, thus cutting off the rebel communication between the two points.

It is also reported that a detachment of General Pope's army had seized the road south of Corinth.

A refugee from Jackson, Mississippi, reports that the headquarters of Beauregard are at Pocahontas, and that nearly 75,000 troops are concentrated around him.

General Lovell's army, at the latest accounts, was at Patchapanoc, on the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad, fifty miles north of New Orleans.

☞ A gentleman at Chatham, Cape Cod, recently shot out of a single box, over a set of decoys, on an ebb tide, 106 brant. Has this ever been beaten?

WIDOWED AND CHILDLESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

They brought me the news last night at moonrise,
I was sitting just here where the silver fell in—
I remember I thought, as I looked at the skies,
That the world seemed too pure for the entrance of sin.

I laid down my head on the cool window ledge,
Half happy, half sad with a trembling unrest—
I drank in the sweets of the white hawthorn hedge,
And flushed in the air gushing soft from the West.

A faint, hollow knock at the portico door,
Jarred on my ear—was it fancied or real?
Sadder sound than had ever alarmed me before,
Or awakened from slumber my dreaming Ideal.

I shuddered!—'twas cold—the night-wind was chill;
Frigid and icy, my heart stopped its beat!
Omen?—oh, was it an omen of ill?
What ghastly, grim phantom my vision shall greet?

Slowly and solemn my visitant came,
With irresolute lips and tear brimming eye—
Spoke to me pitifully—called me by name
With a broken voice, choked by a shuddering sigh.

"There has been a great battle! many are slain!"
"Tell me!" I cried, "with whom victory rests!"
"Our country's proud flag floats high o'er the plain,
Where our brave soldiers lie with their swords on their breasts!"

"Thank God!" I cried out—"thank God for the Right!"
"Madam," he said, "our true-hearted, brave men
Went down unto death by scores in the fight,
Went down in the fell cannonade!"—and what then?

"God rest them!" I said—but a sharp sword of dread
Pierced into my breast; I felt chilly and numb—
Speak the worst, said my eyes—are they living or dead?
But my cold lips were ice-flakes, frozen and dumb!

Could it be? can it be? no! no! no! no!
God is too merciful—God is too kind!
Both my brave sons—my darlings—laid low!
Heaven be pitiful! I fall! I am blind!

Is not that quite enough? both of them slain?
Torn by the cruel shot, bruised by the shell?
Lying stark, cold on that blood-wetted plain—
Uniformed, armed, open-eyed, as they fell!

Still another? what? my husband! great God!
Killed by a shot from a bold grenadier—
Poured out his life on the red, reeking sod,
While the tramp of mad chargers smote on his ear!

I am blasted, desolate, lightning-cursed, shorn,
Let me alone in your triumph—alone—
Why would ye trouble the stricken, forlorn?
Leave me, and pass me, I'm feelingless stone!

When your army comes back, into flags streaming out,
With rolling of drums, bugle-blast and hurrahs—
Flushed red hot with triumph, aloud ye will shout
For the brave, and look at their breast-straps of stars!

Aye, look; let the gloom dazzle! cast not away
A stray thought to the soldiers who toiled, bled, and died!
Let them rest! they fought well through the smoke-darkened day—
And when ye pass me—look away—turn aside!

Farmington, N. H.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

A JOURNEY IN DR. BEVARY'S CARRIAGE.

These violent interruptions to the social routine, to the organized relations between masters and men, cannot take place without leaving their effects behind them: not only of the bare cupboards, the confusion, the bitter feeling while the contest is in actual progress, but of the results when the dispute is brought to an end and things have resumed their natural order. You have seen some of its disastrous working upon the men: you cannot see it all, for it would take a whole volume to depicture it. But there was another upon whom it was promising to work badly; and that was Mr. Hunter. At this, the eleventh hour, when the dispute was dying out, Mr. Hunter knew that he was unable to weather the short remains of the storm.

Drained, as he had been at various periods, of sums paid to Gwinn of Ketterford, he had not the means necessary to support the long-continued struggle. Capital he possessed still; and, had there been no disturbance, no strike, no lock-out—had things, in short, gone on upon their usual course uninterruptedly, his capital would have been sufficient: not as it was. His money was locked up in arrested works, in buildings brought to a standstill. He could not fulfill his contracts or meet his debts; materials were lying idle; and the crisis, so long expected *by him*, had come.

It had not been expected by Austin Clay. Though aware of the shortness of capital, he believed that, with care, difficulties would be surmounted. The fact was, Mr. Hunter had succeeded in keeping the worst from him. It fell now upon Austin like a thunderbolt.

Mr. Hunter had come early to the works: in this hour of embarrassment—ill as he might be, as he was—he could not be absent from his place of business. When Austin went into his private room he found him alone, poring over books and accounts, his head leaning on his hand. One glance at Austin's face told Mr. Hunter that the whispers as to the state of affairs, which were now becoming public scandal, had reached his ears.

"Yes, it is perfectly true," said Mr. Hunter, before a word had been spoken by Austin. "I cannot stave it off."

"But it will be ruin, sir!" exclaimed Austin.

"Of course it will be ruin. I know that, better than you can tell me."

"Oh, sir," continued Austin, in agitation, "it must not be allowed to come. Your credit must be kept up at any sacrifice."

"Can you tell me of any sacrifice that will keep it up?" returned Mr. Hunter.

Austin paused in embarrassment. "If the present difficulty can be got over, the future will soon redeem itself," he observed. "You have sufficient capital in the aggregate, though it is at present locked up."

"There it is," said Mr. Hunter. "Were the capital not locked up, but in my hands, I should be a free man. Who is to unlock it?"

"The men are returning to their shops," urged Austin. "In a few days, at the most, all will have resumed work. We should get our contracts completed, and things would work round. It would be *needless* ruin, sir, to stop now."

"Am I stopping of my own accord? Shall I put myself into the Gazette, do you suppose? You talk like a child, Clay."

"Not altogether, sir. What I say is, that you are worth more than sufficient to meet your debts; that, if the momentary pressure can be lifted, you will surmount embarrassment and regain ease."

"Half the bankruptcies we hear of are caused by locked-up capital—not by positive absence of it," observed Mr. Hunter. "Were my funds available, there would be reason in what you say, and I should probably go on again to ease. Indeed, I know I should; for a certain heavy—heavy—" Mr. Hunter spoke with perplexed hesitation—"A heavy private obligation, which I have been paying off at periods, is at an end now."

Austin made no reply. He knew that Mr. Hunter alluded to Gwinn of Ketterford; and perhaps Mr. Hunter suspected that he knew it.

"Yes, sir; you would go on to ease—to fortune again; there is no doubt of it. Mr. Hunter," he continued, with emotion, "it *must* be accomplished somehow. To let things come to an end for the sake of a thousand or two, is—is—"

"Stop!" said Mr. Hunter. "I see what you are driving at. You think that I might borrow this 'thousand or two' from my brother, or from Dr. Bevary."

"No," fearlessly replied Austin, "I was not thinking of either one or the other. Mr. Henry Hunter has enough to do for himself just now—his contracts for the season were more extensive than ours; and Dr. Bevary is not a business man."

"Henry *has* enough to do," said Mr. Hunter. "And if a hundred pound note would save me, I should not ask Dr. Bevary for its loan. I tell you, Clay, there is no help for it; ruin must come. I have thought it over and over, and can see no loophole of escape. It does not much matter; I can hide my head in obscurity for the short time I shall probably live. Mine has been an untoward fate."

"It matters for your daughter, sir," rejoined Austin, his face flushing.

"I cannot help myself, even for her sake," was the answer, and it was spoken in a tone that told of a breaking heart.

"If you would allow me to suggest a plan, sir—"

"No, I will not allow any further discussion upon the topic," peremptorily interrupted Mr. Hunter. "The blow must come; and, to talk of it, will neither soothe nor avert it. Now to business. Is it to-day or to-morrow that Grafton's bill falls due?"

"To-day," replied Austin.

"And its precise amount?—I forget it."

"Five hundred and twenty odd pounds."

"Five hundred and twenty! I knew it was somewhere about that. It is that bill that will floor us—at least, be the first step to it. How closely has the account been drawn at the bank?"

"You have the books there, sir. I think there is little more than thirty pounds lying in it."

"Just so. Thirty pounds to meet a bill of five hundred and twenty. No other available funds to pay in. And you would talk of staving off the difficulty!"

"I think the bank would pay it, were all circumstances laid before them. They have accommodated us before."

"The bank will not, Austin. I have had a private note from them this morning. These flying rumors have reached their ears, and they will not let me overdraw even by a pound."

There was a commotion, as of a sudden talking, outside at that moment, and Mr. Hunter turned pale. He supposed it might be a creditor.

"I would pay them all, if I could," he exclaimed, in a tone of wailing; "God knows how willingly."

"Sir," said Austin, "leave me here to-day to meet these matters. You are too ill to stay."

"If I do not meet them to-day, I must to-morrow. Sooner or later, it is I who must answer."

"But indeed you are ill, sir. You look worse than you have looked at all."

"Can you wonder that I look worse? The striking of the docket against me will be the breaking of my heart."

The talking outside now subsided into laughter, in which the tones of a female were distinguishable, and Mr. Hunter thought he recognized them. In fact they were those of one of his women servants, who, unconscious of the proximity of her master, had been laughing and joking with some of the men, whom she had encountered upon entering the yard.

"What can Susan want?" exclaimed Mr. Hunter, signing to Austin to open the door.

"Is that you, Susan?" Austin exclaimed, as he obeyed.

"Oh, if you please, sir, can I speak a word to my master?"

"Come in," called out Mr. Hunter. "What do you want?"

"Miss Florence has sent me, sir, to give you this, and to ask if you'd please to come round?"

She handed in a note. Mr. Hunter broke the seal and ran his eyes over it. It was from Florence, and contained but a line or two. She informed her father that the person who had been so troublesome at the house once or twice before, in years back, had come again, had taken a seat in the dining-room, removed her bonnet, and expressed her intention of there remaining until she should see Mr. Hunter.

"As if I had not enough upon me without this!" muttered Mr. Hunter. "Go back," he said, aloud to the servant, "and tell Miss Florence that I am coming."

A few minutes given to the papers before him, a few hasty directions to Austin, touching the business of the hour, and Mr. Hunter rose to depart.

"Do not come back, sir," Austin repeated to him. "I can manage all."

When Mr. Hunter entered his own house, letting himself in with a latch key, Florence, who had been watching for him, glided forward.

"She is in there, papa," pointing to the closed door of the dining-room, and speaking in a whisper. "What is her business here? what does she want? She told me she had as much right in the house as I."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mr. Hunter. "Insolent, has she been?"

"Not exactly insolent. She spoke civilly. I fancied you would not care to see her, so I said she could not wait. She replied that she should wait, and I must not attempt to prevent her. Is she in her senses, papa?"

"Go up stairs and put your bonnet and cloak on, Florence," was the rejoinder of Mr. Hunter. "Be quick."

She obeyed, and was down again almost immediately, in her deep mourning.

"Now, my dear, go round to Dr. Bevary, and tell him you have come to spend the day with him."

"But, papa—"

"Florence, go! I will either come for you this evening, or send. Do not return until I do."

The tone, though full of kindness, was one that might not be disobeyed, and Florence, feeling sick with some uncertain shadowed-forth trouble, passed out at the hall door. Mr. Hunter entered the dining-room.

Tall, gaunt, powerful of frame as ever, rose up Miss Gwinn, turning upon him her white, corpse-like looking face. Without the ceremony of greeting, she spoke in her usual abrupt fashion, dashing at once to her subject.

"*Now* will you render justice, Lewis Hunter?"

"I have the greater right to ask that justice shall be rendered to me," replied Mr. Hunter, speaking sternly, in spite of his agitation. "Which has most cause to demand it, you or I?"

"She who reigned in this house as mistress is dead," cried Miss Gwinn. "You must acknowledge *her*."

"I never will. You may do your best and worst. The worst that can come is, that it must reach the knowledge of my daughter."

"Ay, there it is! The knowledge of the wrong must not even reach her; but the wrong itself has not been too bad for that other one to bear."

"Woman!" continued Mr. Hunter, growing excited almost beyond control, "who inflicted that wrong?—myself, or you?"

The reproach told home, if the change to sad humility, passing over Miss Gwinn's countenance, might be taken as an indication.

"What I said, I said in self-defence, after you, in your deceit, had brought wrong upon me and my family."

"*That* was no wrong," retorted Mr. Hunter. "It was you who wrought all the wrong afterwards, by uttering that terrible falsehood."

"Well, well, it is of no use coming back to that. I am come here to ask that justice shall be rendered, now that it is in your power."

"You have had more than justice—you have had revenge. Not content with rendering my days a life's misery, you must also drain me of the money I had worked hard to save. Do you know how much?"

"It was not I," she passionately uttered, in a tone as if she would deprecate his anger. "*He* did that."

"It comes to the same. I had to find the money. So long as my dear wife lived, I was forced to temporise: neither he nor you can so force me again. Go home, go home, Miss Gwinn, and pray for forgiveness for the injury you have done both her and me. The time for coming to my house with your intimidations is past."

"What did you say?" cried Miss Gwinn. "Injury upon *you?*"

"Injury, ay! such as rarely has been inflicted upon mortal man. Not content with that great injury, you must also deprive me of my substance. This week the name of James Lewis Hunter will be in the Gazette, on the list of bankrupts. It is you who have brought me to it."

"You know that I have had no hand in that: that it was he; my brother—and *hers*," she said. "He never should have done it had I been able to prevent him; in an unguarded moment I told him I had discovered you, and who you were, and he came up to you here and sold his silence. It is that which has kept me quiet."

"This interview had better end," said Mr. Hunter. "It excites me, and my health is scarcely in a state to bear it. Your work has told upon me, Miss Gwinn, as you cannot avoid seeing, when you look at me. Am I like the hearty, open man whom you came up to town and discovered a few years ago?"

"Am I like the healthy and unsuspicious woman whom you saw some years before that?" she retorted. "My days have been rendered more bitter than yours."

"It is your own evil passions which have rendered them so. But I say this interview must end. You—"

"It shall end when you undertake to render justice."

"When your brother was here last—it was on the day of my wife's death—I was forced to warn him of the consequences of remaining in my house against my will. I must now warn you."

"Lewis Hunter," she passionately resumed, "for years I have been told that she—who was here—was fading; and I was content to wait until she should be gone. Besides, was not he drawing money from you to keep silence? But it is all over, and my time is come."

The door of the room opened and some one entered. Mr. Hunter turned to it with marked displeasure: he wondered who of the household was daring to intrude upon him. Not any servant; but Dr. Bevary.

When Florence reached her uncle's she found him absent: the servants said he had gone out early in the morning. Scarcely had Florence entered the drawing-room, when she saw his carriage drive up, and himself alight from it. He came in, and she told him her papa had despatched her to be his guest for the day. But there was something in her manner, as she spoke, foreign to its usual candid openness: the Doctor detected it, and he drew from her what had occurred.

"Miss Gwinn of Ketterford in town!" he uttered. And then leaving Florence, he ran down the street, calling to his coachman, whose orders had been to put up the carriage. Had it been anybody but Dr. Bevary, the passers-by would have deemed the caller mad. The man heard, turned his horses and came back.

"Miss Gwinn is the very person I was wanting to see—wishing some miraculous telegraph could convey her hither at a moment's notice," he said to Florence. "Make yourself at home, my dear. I must go out again, and it is uncertain when I shall return."

He stepped into the carriage, ordering it round to Mr. Hunter's. There he broke in upon the interview.

"I was about to telegraph to Ketterford for you," he observed to Miss Gwinn.

The words agitated her strangely, as with a shrinking fear. She caught hold of the Doctor's arm.

"What has happened? Any ill?"

"You must come with me now and see her."

Shaking from head to foot, gaunt, strong woman though she was, she turned docilely to follow the Doctor from the room. But suddenly an idea seemed to strike her, and she stood still.

"It is a ruse to get me out of the house,—Doctor Bevary, I will not quit it until justice shall be rendered to Emma. I will have her acknowledged by him."

"Your going with me now will make no difference to that, one way or the other," dryly observed Doctor Bevary.

Mr. Hunter stepped forward in agitation.

"Are you out of your mind, Bevary? You could not have caught her words correctly."

"Pshaw!" responded the Doctor, in a careless tone. "What I said was, that Miss Gwinn's going out with me could make no difference to it one way or the other."

His bearing calm and self-possessed, his manner authoritative, Doctor Bevary passed out to his carriage, motioning the lady before him. Self-willed as she was by nature and by habit, she appeared to have no thought of resistance now.

"Step in," said Doctor Bevary.

She obeyed, and he seated himself by her, after giving an order to the coachman. The carriage turned towards the west for a short distance, and then branched off to the north. In a comparatively short time they were clear of the bustle of London.

Miss Gwinn sat in silence: the Doctor sat in silence. It seemed that the former wished, yet dreaded to ask the purport of their present journey, for her white face was working with emotion, and she glanced repeatedly at the Doctor, with a sharp, yearning look.—When they were clear of the bustle of the streets, and the hedges, bleak and bare, bound the road on either side, broken by a house here and there, then she could bear the silence and suspense no longer.

"Why do you not speak?" broke from her in a tone of pain.

"First of all, tell me what brought you in town now," was his reply. "It is not your time for being here."

"The death of your sister. I came up by the early train this morning. Doctor Bevary, you are the only living being to whom I lie under an obligation, or from whom I have experienced kindness. People may think me ungrateful; some think me mad; but I am grateful to you. But for the fact of her being your sister, I should have insisted upon Emma's rights being acknowledged long ago."

"You told me you waived them in consequence of your brother's conduct."

"Partially so. But that did not weigh with me in comparison with my feeling of gratitude to you. How impotent we are!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands. "My efforts by day, my dreams by night, were directed to one single point through long, long years of fever—the finding Lewis. I had sworn to be revenged; I had cherished the thought of revenge until it became part and parcel of my very existence; I determined to expose him to the world. But when the time came, and I did find him, I found that your sister was his wife, and that revenge could not be taken upon him without touching her. I hesitated; I took time to consider what course to pursue—whether to sacrifice gratitude or revenge. I went home to deliberate, and there some spirit of evil put it into my head to acquaint my good-for-nothing brother that the man, Lewis, was found. I might have known what would follow. He hastened to town, and drew large sums of money out of Mr. Hunter's fears. That decided me—to wait. Accounts said that your sister's could not be a prolonged life; and I have waited until now."

"Then you have come up—if I understand you aright—for the purpose of insisting upon what you call her rights? Is it so?"

"What *I* call!" retorted Miss Gwinn.—"They are her rights: you know it. But tell me, Doctor Bevary, why are you taking me thither?"

"I received a message early this morning from Doctor Kerr, stating that—that something was amiss. I lost no time in going over."

"And what was amiss?" she hastily cried. "Surely there was no repetition of the violence? Did you see her?"

"Yes, I saw her."

"But of course you would," resumed Miss Gwinn, speaking rather to herself. "And what do you think? Is there danger?"

"The danger is past," replied Doctor Bevary. "But here we are."

The carriage had driven in through an inclosed avenue, and was stopping before a large mansion: not a cheerful mansion, for its grounds were surrounded by dark trees, and some of its windows were barred. It was a lunatic asylum. It is necessary, even in these modern days of gentle treatment, to take some precaution of bars and bolts; but the inmates of this one were thoroughly well cared for, in the best sense of the term. Doctor Bevary was one of its visiting inspectors.

Doctor Kerr, the resident manager, came forward, and Doctor Bevary turned to Miss Gwinn.

"Will you see her or not?" he asked.

Strange fears were working within her, Doctor Bevary's manner was so different from ordinary.

"I think I see it all," she gasped. "The worst has happened."

"The best has happened," responded Doctor Bevary. "Miss Gwinn, you have requested me more than once to bring you here without preparation, should the time arrive—for that you could bear certainty, but not suspense. Will you see her?"

Her face had grown white and rigid as marble. Unable to speak, she pointed forward with her hand. Doctor Bevary drew it within his own to support her.

In a clean, cool chamber, on a pallet bed, lay the corpse of a woman. Doctor Kerr gently drew back the snow-white sheet, with which the face was covered—a pale, placid face, and a little band of light hair folded underneath the cap.

She—Miss Gwinn—did not stir: she gave way to neither emotion nor violence; but her bloodless lips were strained back from her teeth, and her face was white as that of the dead.

"God's ways are not as our ways," whispered Doctor Bevary. "You have been acting for revenge: He has sent peace. Whatsoever He does is for the best."

She made no reply: she remained still and rigid. Doctor Bevary stroked the left hand of the dead, lying in its utter stillness, stroked as if unconsciously, the wedding-ring on the third finger. He had long believed that it had been placed on that finger, years and years ago, by his brother-in-law, James Lewis Hunter.

And she who had worked the lie, the delusion, who had embittered Mr. Hunter's life with the same dread belief, who had persisted in it still, up to that hour, stood there at the Doctor's side, looking at the dead.

Reader, it is a solemn thing to persist in the acting of a wicked falsehood, in the mysterious presence of death. The spirit has fled to where all truth must be brought to light: who is hardy enough not to bend under that solemn fact?

Not even Miss Gwinn. As Doctor Bevary turned to her with a remark upon the past, she burst forth into a cry, and gave utterance to words that fell upon the physician's ear like a healing balm, soothing and binding up a long open wound. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SLEEP.

Invalids generally do not sleep enough,—The importance of sound, quiet, and sufficient sleep cannot be too highly estimated, as may be inferred from the physiological fact that it is during sleep that the structures are repaired. The materials of nutrition are digested and elaborated during the day; but assimilation—the formation of tissue—only takes place during sleep, when the external senses are in repose. Literary persons require more sleep, other circumstances being equal, than those who pursue manual-labor occupations. If the brain is not duly replenished, early decay, dementation, or insanity will result. The rule for invalids is, to retire early, and remain so long in bed as they can sleep quietly. If their dietetic and other habits are correct, this plan will soon determine the amount of sleep which they require. Gross, indigestible and stimulating food, heavy or late suppers, etc., necessitate a longer time in bed, for the reason that the sleep is less sound. And for the same reason, nervine and stimulating beverages, as tea and coffee, prevent sound and refreshing sleep, and thus wear out the brain and nervous system prematurely. Those who are inclined to be restless, vapory, or dreaming, during the night, should not take supper.—*Dr. Trall.*

☞ Children are very often punished for stupidity or laziness, when their supposed inattention is in reality a disability to hear. In some cases such undeserved punishment is continued perseveringly, until by an accident the mistake is rectified, and the child's hearing will not only be found affected, but its temper as well.—*Lighthill's Treatise.*

☞ An English paper states that from returns lately made, last year the duty on dogs produced $950,750.

SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY "THE COUNTRY PARSON."

There are parents who deliberately lay themselves out to torment their children. There are two classes of parents who are the most inexorably cruel and malignant: it is hard to say which class excels, but it is certain that both classes exceed all ordinary mortals. One is the utterly blackguard—the parents about whom there is no good nor pretence of good. The other is the wrong-headedly, conscientious and religious; probably, after all, there is greater rancor and malice about these last than about any other. These act upon a system of unnatural repression, and systematized weeding out of all enjoyment from life. These are the people whose very crowning act of hatred and malice towards any one is to pray for him, or to threaten to pray for him. These are the people who, if their children complain of their bare and joyless life, say that such complaints indicate a wicked heart, or Satanic possession; and have recourse to further persecution to bring about a happier frame of mind. Yes, the wrong-headed and wrong-hearted religionist is probably the very worst type of man or woman on whom the sun looks down. And, oh! how sad to think of the fashion in which stupid, conceited, malicious blockheads set up their own worst passions as the fruits of the working of the blessed Spirit, and caricature, to the lasting injury of many a young heart, the pure and kindly religion of the Blessed Redeemer! These are the folk who inflict systematic and ingenious torment on their children; and, unhappily, a very contemptible parent can inflict much suffering on a sensitive child.

You may find parents who, having started from an humble origin, have attained to wealth, and who, instead of being glad to think that their children are better off than they themselves were, exhibit a diabolical jealousy of their children. You will find such wretched beings insisting that their children shall go through needless trials and mortifications, because they themselves went through the like. Why, I do not hesitate to say that one of the thoughts which would most powerfully lead a worthy man to value material prosperity would be the thought that his boys would have a fairer and happier start in life than he had, and would be saved the many difficulties on which he still looks back with pain. You will find parents, especially parents of the pharisaical and wrong-headedly religious class, who seem to hold it a sacred duty to make the little things unhappy; who systematically endeavor to render life as bare, ugly and wretched a thing as possible; who never praise their children when they do right, but punish them with great severity when they do wrong; who seem to hate to see their children lively or cheerful in their presence; who thoroughly repel all sympathy or confidence on the part of their children, and then mention as a proof that their children are possessed by the devil, that their children always like to get away from them; who rejoice to cut off any little enjoyment—rigidly carrying into practice the fundamental principle of their creed, which undoubtedly is, that "nobody should ever please himself, neither should anybody ever please anybody else, because in either case he is sure to displease God." No doubt, Mr. Buckle, in his second volume, caricatured and misrepresented the religion of Scotland as a country; but he did not in the least degree caricature or misrepresent the religion of some people in Scotland. The great doctrine underlying all other doctrines is, that God is spitefully angry to see His creatures happy—and of course the practical lesson follows, that they are following the best example, when they are spitefully angry to see their children happy.

Then a great trouble, always pressing heavily on many a little mind is, that it is overtasked with lessons. You still see here and there idiotic parents striving to make infant phenomena of their children, and recording with much pride how their children could read and write at an unnaturally early age. Such parents are fools; not necessarily malicious fools, but fools beyond question. The great use to which the first six or seven years of life should be given, is the laying the foundation of a healthful constitution in body and mind; and the instilling of the first principles of duty and religion, which do not need to be taught out of any books.—Even if you do not permanently injure the young brain and mind by permanently overtasking them—even if you do not permanently blight the bodily health and break the mind's cheerful spring, you gain nothing.—Your child at fourteen years old is not a bit farther advanced in his education than a child who began his years after him; and the entire result of your stupid driving has been to overcloud some days which should have been the happiest of his life.

I believe that real depression of spirits, usually the sad heritage of after years, is often felt in very early youth. It sometimes comes of the child's belief that he must be very bad, because he is so frequently told that he is so. It sometimes comes of the child's fears, early felt, as to what is to become of him. His parents, possibly, with the good sense and kind feeling which distinguish various parents, have taken pains to drive it into the child, that if his father should die, he will certainly starve, and may very probably have to become a wandering beggar. And these sayings have sunk deep into his little heart. I remember how a friend told me that his constant wonder, when he was twelve or thirteen years old, was this:—If life was such a burden already, and so miserable to look back upon, how could he ever bear it when he had grown older?

☞ The greater part of an author's life is spent in reading in order to write; a man may turn over half a library to make one book.—*Johnson.*

MY HEART AND I.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I!
We sit beside the headstone thus,
And wish that name were carved for us.
The moss reprints more tenderly
The hard types of the mason's knife,
As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life
With which we're tired, my heart and I.

II.

You see we're tired, my heart and I!
We dealt with books, we trusted men,
And in our own blood drenched the pen,
As if such colors could not fly.
We walked too straight for fortune's end,
We loved too true to keep a friend;
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

III.

How tired we feel, my heart and I!
We seem of no use in the world;
Our handiest hang gray and uncurled
About men's eyes indifferently;
Our voice which thrilled you so, will let
You sleep; our tears are only wet;
What do we here, my heart and I?

IV.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
It was not thus in that old time
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
To watch the sunset from the sky.
"Dear love, you're looking tired," he said;
I, smiling at him, shook my head;
'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.

V.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
Though now none take me on his arm
To fold me close and kiss me warm
Till each quick breath end in a sigh
Of happy langor. Now alone,
We lean upon this graveyard stone,
Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

VI.

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

VII.

Yet who complains? My heart and I?
In this abundant earth no doubt
Is little room for things worn out;
Disdain them, break them, throw them by!
And if before the days grew rough
We *once* were loved, used—well enough
I think, we've fared, my heart and I.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INTERRUPTED DINNER.

Have you ever observed a large lake on the approach of a sudden storm?—its unnatural stillness, so death-like and ominous; its under flow of angry risings, which you know are gathering there, though not yet apparent on the surface; its dull, booming sound, as of a warning whisper—and then the angry bursting forth of fury when the storm has come?

Not inaptly might the cloisters of Helstonleigh be compared to such, that day, when the college boys were let out of school at one o'clock. A strange rumor had been passed about amid the desks—not reaching that at which sat the seniors—a rumor which shook the equanimity of the school to its centre; and, when one o'clock struck, the boys, instead of clattering out with all the noise of which their legs and lungs were capable, stole down the stairs in quiet, and formed into groups of whisperers in the cloisters. It was the ominous calm that precedes a storm.

So very unusual a state of affairs was noticed by the senior boy.

"What's up now?" he asked them, in the phraseology in vogue there and elsewhere. "Are you all going to a funeral? I hope it's your sins that you are about to bury!"

A heavy silence answered him. Gaunt could not make it out. The other three seniors, attracted by the scene, came back, and waited with Gaunt. By that time the calm was being broken by low murmurings, just like the first threatened rising of the stormy waters; and certain distinct words came from more than one of the groups.

"What do you say?" burst forth Tom Channing, darting forward as the words caught his ear. "You, Jackson! speak up, *what* is it?"

Not Jackson's voice in particular, but several other voices arose then; a word from one, a word from another, half sentences, disjointed hints, forming together an unmistakable whole.

"The theft of old Galloway's bank-note has been traced to Arthur Channing."

"Who says it? Who dares to say it?" flashed Tom, his face on fire, and his hand clenched.

"The police say it. Butterby says it."

"I don't care for the police; I don't care for Butterby," cried Tom, stamping his foot in his terrible indignation. "I ask, who dares to say it here?"

"I do, then! come, Mr. Channing, though you are a senior, and can put me up to Pye for punishment upon any false plea that you choose," answered a tall fellow, Pierce senior, who was chiefly remarkable for getting into fights, and was just now unusually friendly with Mark Galloway, at whose desk he sat.

Quick as lightning, Tom Channing turned and faced him.

"Speak out what you have to say," cried he; "no hints."

"Whew!" retorted Pierce senior, "d'ye think I am afraid? I say that Arthur Channing stole the note lost by old Galloway."

Tom, in his uncontrollable temper, raised his hand and struck him. One half-minute's struggle, nothing more, and Pierce senior was sprawling on the ground, while Tom Channing's cheek and nose were bleeding. Gaunt had stepped between them.

"I stop this," he said. "Pierce, get up! don't lie there like a floundering donkey. Channing, what possessed you to forget yourself?"

"You would have done the same, Gaunt, had the insult been offered to you. Let the fellow retract his words, or prove them."

"Very good. That is how you ought to have met it at first," said Gaunt. "Now, Mr. Pierce, can you make good your assertion?"

Pierce had floundered up, and was rubbing one of his long legs, which had got doubled under him in the fall, while his brother, Pierce junior, was collecting an armful of scattered books, and whispering prognostications of parental vengeance in prospective; for, so sure as Pierce senior got into a fight at school, to the damage of his face or his clothes, so sure was it followed up by punishment at home.

"If you want proof, go to Butterby at the police place, and get it from him," sullenly replied Pierce, who was of a sulky temper as well as a pugnacious one.

"Look here," interrupted Mark Galloway, springing to the front; "Pierce was a fool to bring it out in that way, but I'll speak up, now it has come to this. I went into my uncle's, this morning, at nine o'clock, and there was he, shut in with Butterby. Butterby was saying that there was no doubt the theft had been committed by Arthur Channing. Mind, Channing," Mark added, turning to Tom, "I am not seconding the accusation on my own score; but, that Butterby said it, I'll declare."

"Pshaw! is that all?" cried Tom Channing, lifting his head with a haughty gesture, and not condescending to notice the blood which trickled from his cheek. "You must have misunderstood him, boy."

"No, I did not," replied Mark Galloway. "I heard him as plainly as I hear you now."

"It is hardly likely Butterby would say that before you, Galloway," observed Gaunt.

"Ah, but he did not see I was there, or my uncle either," said Mark. "When he is reading his newspaper of a morning, he can't bear a noise, and I go into the room always as quiet as mischief. He turned me out again pretty quick, I can tell you; but not till I had heard Butterby say that."

"You must have misunderstood," returned Gaunt, carelessly taking up Tom Channing's notion; "and you had no right to blurt out such a thing to the school. Arthur Channing is better known and trusted than you, Mr. Mark."

"I didn't accuse Arthur Channing to the school. I only repeated to my desk what Butterby said."

"It is that 'only repeating' which does three parts of the mischief in this world," said Gaunt, giving the boys a little touch of morality gratis, to their intense edification. "As to you, Pierce senior, you'll get more than you bargain for, some of these days, if you poke your ill-conditioned nose into other people's business, like you are in the habit of doing."

Tom Channing had strode away towards his home, his head erect, his step ringing firmly and proudly on the cloister flags. Charley ran by his side. But Charley's face was white, and Tom caught sight of it.

"What are you looking like that for?"

"Tom! you don't think it's true, do you?"

Tom turned his scorn upon the boy.

"You uncommon idiot! True! A Channing turn thief? *You* may, perhaps—it's best known to yourself—but never Arthur."

"I don't mean that. I mean, can it be true that the police suspect him?"

"Oh! that's what your face becomes milk for! You ought to have been born a girl, Miss Charley. If the police do suspect him, what of that?—they'll only get the tables turned upon them. Butterby might come out and say he suspects me of murder! Should I care? No; I'd prove my innocence, and make him eat his words."

They were drawing near home. Charley looked up at his brother.

"You must wipe your face, Tom."

Tom took out his handkerchief, and gave his face a rub. In his indignation, his carelessness, he would have done nothing of the sort, had he not been reminded by the boy.

"Is it off?"

"Yes, it's off. I am not sure but it will break out again. You must take care."

"Oh, bother! let it. I should like to have polished off that Pierce senior as he deserves. Some coin of the same sort would do Galloway no harm. Were I senior of the school, and Arthur not my brother, Mr. Mark should hear a little home truth about sneaks. I'll tell it him in private, as it is; but I can't put him up for punishment, or act in it as Gaunt could."

"Arthur is our brother, therefore we feel it more pointedly than Gaunt can," sensibly remarked Charley.

"I'd advise you not to spell forth that sentimental rubbish, though you are a young lady," retorted Tom. "A senior boy, if he does his duty, should make every boy's cause his own, and 'feel' for him."

"Tom," said the younger and more thoughtful of the two, "don't let us say anything of this at home."

"Why not?" asked Tom, hotly. He would have run in open-mouthed.

"It would pain mamma to hear it."

"Boy! do you suppose *she* would fear Arthur?"

"You seem to misconstrue all I say, Tom. Of course she would not fear him—you did not fear him; but it stung you, I know, as was proved by your knocking down Pierce."

"Well, I won't speak of it before her," conciliated Tom, somewhat mollified, "or before my father, either; but catch me keeping it from the rest."

As Charles had partially foretold, they had barely entered, when Tom's face again became ornamented with crimson. Annabel shrieked out, startling Mr. Channing on his sofa. Mrs. Channing, as it happened, was not present; Constance was. Lady Augusta Yorke and her daughters were spending part of the day in the country, therefore Constance had come home at twelve.

"Look at Tom's face!" cried the child. "What has he been doing? Look! look! it will drop on to his shirt!"

"Hold your tongue, little stupid," returned Tom, hastily bringing his handkerchief into use again; which, being a white one, made the worst sight of the two, with its bright red stains. "It nothing but a scratch."

But Annabel's eyes were sharp, and she had taken full view of the hurt. "Tom, you have been fighting! I am sure of it!"

"Come to me, Tom," said Mr. Channing. "Have you been fighting?" he demanded, as Tom crossed the room in obedience, and stood close to him. "Take your handkerchief away that I may see your face."

"It could not be called a fight, papa," said Tom, holding his cheek so that the light from the window fell full upon the hurt.—"One of the boys offended me; I hit him, and he gave me this; then I knocked him down, and there it ended. It's only a scratch."

"Thomas, was this Christian conduct?"

"I don't know, papa. It was schoolboy's."

Mr. Channing, in a depressed tone, replied:

"I know it was a schoolboy's conduct; that is bad enough; and it is my son's, that is worse."

"If I had given him what he deserved, he would have got ten times as much; and perhaps I should, for my temper was up, only Gaunt put in his interference. When I am senior, my policy of rule will be different from what Gaunt's is."

"Ah, Tom! your 'temper up!' It is that temper of yours which brings you harm.—What was the quarrel about?"

"I would rather not tell you, papa. Not for my own sake," he added, turning his honest eyes fearlessly on his father; "but I could not tell it without betraying something about somebody, which it may be as well to keep in."

"After that lucid explanation, you had better go and get some warm water for your face," said Mr. Channing. "I will speak with you later."

Constance followed him from the room, volunteering to procure the warm water.—They were standing in Tom's chamber afterwards, Tom bathing his face, and Constance looking on, when Arthur, who had then come in from Mr. Galloway's, passed by to his own room.

"Hallo!" he cried out; "what's the matter, Tom?"

"Such a row!" answered Tom; "and I wish I could have pitched into Pierce senior as I'd have liked. What do you think, Arthur? The school were taking up the notion that you—you!—had stolen old Galloway's bank-note. Pierce senior had set it agate, that is, he and Mark Galloway together.—Mark said a word, and Pierce said two, and so it went on. I should have paid Pierce out but for Gaunt."

A silence. It was filled up by the sound of Tom splashing the water on his face, and by that only. Arthur spoke presently, his tone so calm a one as to be almost unnatural.

"How did the notion arise?"

"Mark Galloway said he heard Butterby talking with his uncle, that Butterby said the theft could only have been committed by Arthur Channing. Mark Galloway's ears must have played him false; but it was a regular sneak's trick to come and repeat it, for fact, in the school. I say, Constance, is my face clean now?"

Constance woke up from a reverie to look at his face.

"Quite clean," she answered.

He dried it, dried his hands, gave a glance at his shirt front in the glass, which had, however, escaped damage, brushed his hair, and went down stairs. Arthur closed the door, and turned to Constance. Her eyes were seeking his, and her lips stood apart.—The terrible fear which had fallen upon them both the previous day had not yet been spoken out between them. It must be spoken now.

"Constance, there is tribulation before us," he whispered. "We must school ourselves to bear it, however difficult the task may prove. Whatever betide the rest of us, suspicion must be averted from *him*."

"What tribulation do you mean?" she gasped.

"The affair has been placed in the hands of the police; and I believe—I believe," Arthur spoke with agitation, "that they will publicly investigate it. Constance, they suspect *me*. The college school is right, and Tom is wrong."

Constance leaned against a chest of drawers to steady herself, and pressed her hand upon her shrinking face.

"How have you learnt it?"

"I have gathered it from different trifles; one fact and another. Jenkins said Butterby was with him this morning, asking questions about me. Better that I should be suspected than Hamish. God help me to bear it!"

"But it is so unjust that you should suffer for him!"

"Were it traced home to him it might be the whole family's ruin, for my father would inevitably lose his place. He might lose it were only suspicion to stray to Hamish.—There is no alternative—I must screen him. Can you be firm, Constance, when you see me accused?"

Constance leaned her head upon her hand, wondering whether she could be firm in the cause. But that she knew where to go for strength, she might have doubted it, for the love of right, the principles of justice were strong within her.

"Oh, what could possess him!" she uttered, wringing her hands, "what could possess him! Arthur, is there not a loophole, not the faintest loophole to hope in his innocence?"

"None that I see. No one whatever had access to the letter but Hamish and I. He must have yielded to the temptation in a moment of delirium, knowing the money would clear him from some of his pressing debts—as it has done."

"How could he brave the risk of detection?"

"I don't know. My head aches pondering over it. I suppose he concluded that the suspicion would fall upon the post-office. It would have fallen on it but for that seal, placed on the letter afterwards. What an unfortunate thing it was that Roland Yorke mentioned there was money inside the letter in the hearing of Hamish."

"Did he mention it?" exclaimed Constance.

"He said there was a twenty pound note in the letter, going to the cousin Galloway, and Hamish remarked that he wished it was going into his pocket instead. I *wish*," Arthur uttered, in a sort of frenzy, "I had locked the letter up there and then."

Constance clasped her hands in pain.

"I fear he may have been going wrong for some time," she breathed. "It has come to my knowledge, through Judith, that he sits up for hours night after night, doing something to the books. Arthur," she shivered, glancing fearfully round, "I hope those accounts are right?"

The doubt, thus given utterance to, blanched even the cheeks of Arthur.

"Sits up at the books?" he exclaimed.

"He sits up, that is certain; and at the books, as I conclude. He takes them into his room at night. It may only be that he has not time, or does not make time, to go over them in the day. It *may* be."

"I trust it is; I pray it may be. Mind you, Constance, our duty is plain—to screen him; to screen him at any sacrifice to ourselves, for the father and mother's sake."

"Sacrifice to you, you ought to say. Oh, what were our other light troubles compared with this? Arthur, will they publicly accuse you?"

"It may come; I have been steeling myself all the morning to meet it."

He looked into her face as he said it. Constance could see how his brow and heart were aching. At that moment they were called to dinner, and Arthur turned to leave the room. Constance caught his hand, the tears raining from her eyes.

"Arthur," she whispered, "in the very darkest trouble, God can comfort us. Be assured He will comfort you."

Hamish did not make his appearance at dinner, and they sat down without him.—This was not so very unusual as to cause surprise; he was occasionally detained at the office.

The meal was about half over, when Annabel, in her disregard of the bounds of discipline, suddenly started from her seat and flew to the window.

"Charley, here are two policemen coming here! Whatever can they want?"

"Perhaps to take you," said Mrs. Channing, jestingly. "A short sojourn at the treadmill might be of great service to you, Annabel."

The announcement had struck upon the ear and memory of Tom.

"Policemen!" he exclaimed, standing up in his place, and stretching his neck on high to obtain a view of them. "Why—it never can be, that—old Butterby—Arthur, what ails you?"

A sensitive, refined nature, be it implanted in man or woman, is almost sure to betray its emotions on the countenance. Such a nature was Arthur Channing's. Now that the dread had really come, every drop of blood forsook his cheeks and lips, leaving his face altogether of a ghastly whiteness. He was utterly unable to control or help this, and it was this pallor which had given rise to Tom's concluding exclamation.

Mr. Channing looked at Arthur, Mrs. Channing looked at him; they all looked at him except Constance, and she bent her head lower over her plate, to hide, as she best might, her own white face and its shrinking terror.

"Are you ill, Arthur?" inquired his father.

A low, brief reply came; one struggling for calmness.

"No, sir."

Impetuous Tom, forgetting caution, forgetting all save the moment actually present, gave utterance to more than was expedient.

"Arthur, you are never fearing what those wretched schoolboys said? The police are not come to arrest you. Butterby wouldn't be such a fool!"

But the police were in the hall, and Judith had come to the dining-room door.

"Master Arthur, you are wanted, please."

"What is all this?" exclaimed Mr. Channing in astonishment, gazing from Tom to Arthur, from Arthur to the vision of the blue official dress, a glimpse of which he could catch beyond Judith.

Tom took up the answer.

"It's nothing, papa. It's a trick they are playing for fun, I'll lay. They *can't* really suspect Arthur of stealing the bank-note, you know. They'd never dare to take him up, like they take a felon."

Charley stole round to Arthur with a wailing cry, and threw his arms around him—as if their weak protection could retain him in its shelter. Arthur gently unwound them, and bent down till his lips touched the yearning face held up to him in its anguish.

"Charley, boy, I am innocent," he breathed in the boy's ear. "Don't keep me. They have come for me, and I must go with them."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ESCORT TO THE GUILDHALL.

The group would have formed a study for the painter Wilkie. The arrested dinner; the consternation of those assembled at it:—Mr. Channing (whose sofa, wheeled to the table, took up the end opposite his wife) gazing around with a puzzled, stern expression—Mrs. Channing glancing behind her with a sense of undefined dread; the pale, *conscious* countenances of Arthur and Constance—Tom standing up in haughty impetuosity, defiant of everybody; the lively terror of Charley's face, as he clung to Arthur; and the wide opened eyes of Annabel, expressive of nothing but surprise—for it took a vast deal to alarm that careless young lady; while, at the door, holding it open for Arthur, stood Judith in her mob-cap, full of curiosity; and behind her, the two policemen. A scene, indeed that Wilkie, in the zenith of his power, would have rejoiced to paint.

Arthur, battling fiercely with his outraged pride, and breathing an inward prayer for strength to go through with his task, for patience to endure, put Charley from him, and went out to the hall. He saw not what was immediately around him—the inquiring looks of his father and mother; the necessity of some explanation to them; he saw not Judith and her curious face. A scale was, as it were before his eyes, blinding them to all outward influences, save one—the officers of justice standing there, and the purpose for which they had come.

"What on earth has happened, Master Arthur?" whispered Judith, as he passed her, terrifying the old servant with his pale, scared face. But he neither heard nor answered; he walked straight up to the men.

"I will go with you quietly," he said to them, in an under-tone. "Do not make a disturbance, to alarm my mother."

We cannot always have our senses about us, as the phrase goes. Some of us, I fear, enjoy that privilege but rarely, and the very best lose them on occasions. But that Arthur Channing was totally uncollected, he would not have pursued a line of conduct in that critical moment, which was liable to be construed into an admission, or, at least, a consciousness of guilt. In his anxiety to avert suspicion from Hamish, he lost sight of the precautions necessary to guard himself, so far as was practicable. And yet he had spent time that morning thinking over what his manner, his bearing must be, if it came to this! Had it come upon him unexpectedly, he would have met it very differently; with far less of outward calmness, but most probably with indignant denial.

"I will go with you quietly," he said to the men.

"All right, sir," they answered, with a knowing nod, and a conviction that he was a cool hand and a guilty one. "It's always best not to resist the law—it never does no good."

He need not have resisted, but he ought to have waited until they asked him to go. A dim perception of this had already begun to steal over him. He was taking his hat from its place in the hall, when the voice of Mr. Channing came ringing on his ear.

"Arthur, what is this? Give me an explanation."

Arthur turned back to the room, passing through the sea of faces to get there; for all, save his helpless father, had come from their seats to gather round and about that strange mystery in the hall, and try to fathom it. Mr. Channing gave one long, keen glance at Arthur's face—which was very unlike Arthur's usual face just then; for all its candor seemed to have gone out of it. He did not speak to him; he called in one of the men.

"Will you tell me your business here?" he asked, courteously.

"Don't you know it, sir?" was the reply.

"No, I do not," replied Mr. Channing.

"Well, sir, it is a unpleasant accusation as is brought against this young gentleman.—But perhaps he'll be able to make it clear. I hope he will. It don't give us no pleasure when folks is convicted, especially young ones and those we have always known for respectable; we'd rather see 'em let off."

Tom interrupted—Tom, in his fiery indignation:

"Is it of stealing that bank note, lost by Galloway, that you accuse my brother?" he asked, speaking indistinctly in his haste and passion.

"You have said it, sir," replied the man. "That's it."

"Then I say that whoever accuses him ought to be—"

"Silence, Thomas," interrupted Mr. Channing. "Allow me to deal with this. Who brings this accusation against my son?"

"We got our orders from Mr. Butterby, sir. He is acting for Mr. Galloway. He was called in there early this morning."

"Have you come for my son to go with you to Mr. Galloway's?"

"Not there, sir. We have got to take him straight to the Guildhall. The magistrates are waiting to hear the case."

A dismayed pause. Even Mr. Channing's heart, with all its implicit faith in the truth and honor of his children, beat as if it would burst its bounds. Tom's beat too; but it was with a desire to "pitch into" the policemen, as he had pitched into Pierce senior in the cloisters.

Mr. Channing turned to Arthur—

"You have an answer to this, my son?"

The question was not replied to. Mr. Channing spoke again, with the same calm emphasis—

"Arthur, you can vouch for your innocence?"

Arthur Channing did the very worst thing that he could have done—he hesitated. Instead of replying readily and firmly "I can," which he might have done without harm arising, he stopped to ask himself how far, consistent with safety to Hamish, he might defend his own cause. His mind was not collected; he had not, as I have said, his senses about him; and the unbroken silence, waiting for his answer, the expectant faces turned upon him, helped to confuse him, and to scare his reason further away. The signs, which certainly did look like signs of guilt, struck a knell on the heart of his father.

"Arthur!" he wailed out, in a tone of intense agony, "you *are* innocent!"

"Y—es," replied Arthur, gulping down his rising breath; his rising words. Impassioned words of exculpation, of innocence, of truth: they had bubbled up within him—were hovering on the tip of his impatient tongue—on the verge of his burning lips. He did beat them down again and swallow them; but he never knew afterwards how he did it.

Better that he had been still silent, than speak that dubious, indecisive "Y—es." It told terribly against him. One, conscious of his own innocence does not proclaim it in indistinct, shuffling words. Tom's mouth dropped with dismay, and his astonished eyes seemed as if they could not take themselves off Arthur's vacillating face. Mrs. Channing staggered against the wall, with a faint cry.

The policeman spoke up: he meant to be friendly. In all Helstonleigh there was not a family more respected than were the Channings; and the man felt a passing sorrow for his task.

"I wouldn't ask no questions, sir, if I was you. Sometimes it's best not: they tell against the accused."

"The time's up," called out the one who was in the hall, to his fellow. "We can't stop here all day."

The hint was taken at once, both by Arthur and the man. Constance had kept herself still throughout, by main force; but Mrs. Channing could not see him go away like this. She rose and threw her arms round him, in a burst of hysterical feeling, sobbing out—

"My boy! my boy!"

"Don't, mother! don't unnerve me," he whispered. "It is bad enough as it is."

"But you cannot be guilty, Arthur?"

For answer, he looked straight into her eyes for a single moment. His habitual expression had come back to them again—the earnest of confiding truth, which she had ever known and trusted. It spoke calm to her heart now.

"You are innocent," she murmured.—"Then go in peace."

Annabel broke into a loud storm of shrieks and sobs. "Oh, Judith! will they hang him? will they hang him? What is it that he has done?"

"I'd hang them two policemen, if I did what I should like to do," responded Judith. "Yes, you two, I mean," she added, with scant ceremony, as the officials turned round at the words. "If I had my will, I'd hang you both up to two of them elm-trees yonder, right in front of one another. Coming to a gentleman's house on this errand!"

"Do not drag me through the streets ignominiously," said Arthur to his keepers. "I give you my word to make no resistance; I will go to the Guildhall, or anywhere else that you please, as freely as if I were bound thither on my own pleasure. You need not let it be seen that I am in custody."

They saw that they might trust him. One of the policemen went over to the opposite side of the way, as if pacing his beat; the other continued by the side of Arthur: not too closely, not to cause suspicion in those they met. A few paces from the door Tom Channing came hastening up, and put his arm within Arthur's.

"Guilty, or not guilty, it shall never be said a Channing was deserted by his brothers!" quoth he. "I wish Hamish could have been here."

"Tom, you are thinking me guilty?" Arthur said, in a quiet tone, which did not reach the ears of his official escort.

"Well—I am in a maze," avowed Tom. "If you are guilty, I shall never believe in anything again. I have always thought that building there a cathedral; well and good; but if it turns out to be a house, I shan't be surprised, after this. Are you guilty?"

"No, lad."

The refutation was simple, and calmly expressed; but there was sufficient in its tone to make Tom Channing's heart give a great leap within him.

"Thank God! What a fool I was! But, I say, Arthur, why did you not deny it, out-and-out? Your manner frightened us. I suppose the police scared you?"

Tom, all right now, walked along, his head up, escorting Arthur with as little shame to the public examination, as he would have done to be publicly crowned. It was not the humiliation of undeserved contumely that could daunt the Channings: the consciousness of guilt could alone effect that. Hitherto, neither guilt nor its shadow had fallen upon them.

"Tom," asked Arthur, when they reached the hall, and were about to enter, "will you do me a little service?"

"Won't I, though! What is it?"

"Make the best of your way to Mr. Williams's, and tell him I am prevented taking the organ this afternoon."

"I shan't tell him the reason," said Tom.

"Why not? In an hour's time it will be taken from one end of Helstonleigh to the other."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EXAMINATION.

The magistrates sat on the bench in the town-hall of Helstonleigh. But, previous to the case being called on—for the police had spoken too fast, in saying they were waiting for it—Arthur became acquainted with one great fact: that it was not Mr. Galloway who had pushed matters to this extremity. Neither was he aware that Arthur had been taken into custody. Mr. Butterby had assumed the responsibility, and acted upon it. Mr. Butterby, since his interview with Mr. Galloway in the morning, had gathered, as he believed, sufficient corroborating facts to establish, or nearly so, the guilt of Arthur Channing. He supposed that this was all Mr. Galloway required, to remove his objection to harsh measures; and, in procuring the warrant for the capture, Mr. Butterby had acted as for Mr. Galloway, and in his name.

When Arthur was placed in the spot where he had often seen criminals standing, his face again wore the livid hue which had overspread it in his home. In a few moments this had changed to crimson; brow and cheeks were glowing with it. It was a painful situation, and Arthur felt it to the very depths of his naturally proud spirit. I don't think you or I should have liked it.

The circumstances were stated to the magistrates just as they have been stated to you. The placing of the bank-note and letter in the envelope by Mr. Galloway, his immediately fastening it down by means of the gum, the abstraction of the note, between that time and the period when the seal was placed on it later in the day, and the fact that Arthur Channing alone had access to it.

"Except Mr. Hamish Channing, for a few minutes," Mr. Butterby added, "who kindly remained in the office while his brother proceeded as far as the Cathedral and back again; the other clerks, Joseph Jenkins and Roland Yorke, being absent that afternoon."

A deeper dye flushed Arthur's face when Hamish's name and share in the afternoon's doings were mentioned, and he bent his eyes on the floor at his feet, and kept them there. Had Hamish not been implicated, he would have stood there comparatively free, with a clear eye and a serene brow. It was that, the all too consciousness of the sin of Hamish, which took the spirit out of him, and drove him to stand there as one under the brand of guilt. He scarcely dared look up, lest it should be read in his countenance that he was innocent, and Hamish guilty; he scarcely dared to pronounce, in ever so faltering a tone, the avowal "I did it not." Had it been to save his life from the scaffold, he could not have spoken out boldly and freely that day. There was the bitter shock of the crime, felt for Hamish's own sake; Hamish, whom they had all so loved, so looked up to! and there was the dread of the consequences to Mr. Channing, in the event of discovery. Had the penalty been hanging, I believe that Arthur would have gone to it, rather than betray Hamish. But you must not suppose he did not *feel* it for himself; there were moments when he feared lest he should not carry it through.

Mr. Butterby was waiting for a witness—Mr. Galloway himself: and meanwhile, he entertained the bench with certain scraps, anecdotal and the like, premising what would be proved before them. Jenkins would show that the prisoner had avowed, in his presence, it would take a twenty-pound note to clear him from his debts, or hard upon it—

"No," interrupted the hitherto silent prisoner, to the surprise of those present, "that is not true. It is correct that I did make use of words to that effect, but I spoke them in jest. I and Roland Yorke were one day speaking of debts, and I jokingly said a twenty-pound note would pay mine, and leave me something out of it. Jenkins was present, and he may have supposed I spoke in earnest. In point of fact I did not owe anything."

It was an assertion more easily made than proved. Arthur Channing might have large liabilities upon him, for all that appeared in that court to the contrary. Mr. Butterby handed the seal to the bench, who examined it curiously.

"I could have understood this case better, had any stranger or strangers approached the letter," observed one of the magistrates, who knew the Channings personally, and greatly respected their high character. "You are sure you are not mistaken in supposing nobody came in?" he added, looking kindly at Arthur.

"Certainly no one came in whilst I was alone in the office, sir," was the unhesitating answer.

The gentleman spoke in an under-tone to those beside him. "That avowal is in his favor. Had he taken the note, one might suppose he would be anxious to have it appear that strangers did enter, so as to throw the suspicion off himself."

"I have made very close inquiry, and cannot find that the office was entered at all that afternoon," observed Mr. Butterby. Mr. Butterby *had* made close inquiry; and, to do him justice, he did not seek to throw one shade of guilt upon Arthur more than the case warranted. Mr. Hamish Channing also—"

Mr. Butterby stopped. There, standing within the door, was Hamish himself. In passing along the street he had seen an unusual commotion around the town-hall; and, upon inquiring its cause, was told that Arthur Channing was under examination, on suspicion of having stolen the bank-note lost by Mr. Galloway.

To look at Hamish, you would have believed him innocent and unconscious as the day. He strode into the justice-room, his eye flashing, his brow haughty, his color high. Never had gay Hamish looked so scornfully indignant. He threw his glance round the crowded court in search of Arthur, and it found him.

Their eyes met. A strange gaze it was, going out from the one to the other; a gaze which the brothers had never in all their lives exchanged. Arthur's spoke of shame all too palpably—he could not help it in that bitter moment—shame for his brother. And Hamish shrunk under it. If ever one cowered visibly in this world, Hamish Channing did then. A low, suppressed cry went up from Arthur's heart: whatever fond, faint doubt may have lingered on his mind, it died out from that moment.

Others noticed the significant, prolonged look exchanged between them; but they, not in the secret, saw only, on the part of Hamish, what they took to be vexation at his brother's position. It was suggested that it would save time to take the evidence of Mr. Hamish Channing at once. Mr. Galloway's might be received later.

"What evidence?" demanded Hamish, standing before the magistrates in a cold, uncompromising manner, and speaking in a cold, uncompromising tone. "I have none to give. I know nothing of the affair."

"Not much, we are aware; but what little you do know must be spoken, Mr. Hamish Channing."

They did not swear him. These were but informal, preliminary proceedings. Country courts of law and justice are not always conducted according to the orthodox rules, even that of Helstonleigh. There would be another and a more formal examination previous to the committal of the prisoner for trial—if committed he should be.

A few unimportant questions were put to Hamish, and then he was asked whether he saw the letter in question.

"I saw a letter which I suppose to have been the one," he replied. "It was addressed to Mr. Robert Galloway, at Ventnor."

"Did you observe your brother take it into Mr. Galloway's private room?"

"Yes," answered Hamish. "In putting the desks to rights before departing for college, my brother carried the letter into Mr. Galloway's room and left it there. I distinctly remember his doing so."

"Did you see the letter after that?"

"No."

"How long did you remain alone while your brother was away?"

"I did not look at my watch," crabbedly returned Hamish, who had spoken in a resentful tone throughout, as if some great wrong were being inflicted upon him, in having to speak at all.

"But you can guess at the time?"

"No, I can't," shortly retorted Hamish. "And 'guesses' are not evidence."

"Was it ten minutes?"

"It may have been. I know he seemed to be back almost as soon as he had gone."

"Did any person—clerk, or stranger, or visitor, or otherwise—come into the office during his absence from it?"

"No."

"No person whatever?"

"No person whatever. I think," continued Hamish, volunteering an opinion upon the subject, although he knew it was out of all rule and precedent to do so, "that there is a vast deal of unprofitable fuss being made about the matter. The money must have been lost in its transit through the post; it is impossible to suppose otherwi—"

Hamish was stopped by a commotion. Clattering along the outer hall, and bursting in at the court door, his black hair awry, his usually pale cheeks streaked with scarlet, his nostrils working with excitement, came Roland Yorke. He was in a state of fierce emotion. Learning, as he had done by accident, that Arthur had been arrested upon the charge, he took up the cause hotly, gave vent to a burst of passionate indignation (in which he abused everybody under the sun, save Arthur), and tore off to the town-hall. Elbowing the crowd roughly, right and left in his impetuosity, pushing one policeman here, and another yonder, who would have impeded his path, he came up to Arthur, and ranged himself by his side, linking his arm within his in an outburst of kindly generosity.

"Old fellow, who has done this?"

"Mr. Roland Yorke!" exclaimed the bench, indignantly; "what do you mean by this behavior? Stand away, if you please, sir."

"I'll stand away when Arthur Channing stands away," retorted Yorke, apparently ignoring whose presence he was in. "Who accuses him? Mr. Galloway does not. This is your doing, Butterby."

"Take care that their worships don't commit you for contempt of court," retorted Mr. Butterby. "You are going on for it, Roland Yorke."

"Let them commit me, if they will," foamed Roland. "I am not going to see a friend falsely accused, and not stand up for him. Channing no more touched that money than any of you did. The post-office must have had it."

"A moment, Mr. Roland Yorke; if you can calm yourself sufficiently to answer as a rational being," interposed the magistrate who had addressed Arthur. "Have you any proof to urge in support of your assertion that the prisoner did not touch it?"

"Proof, sir!" returned Roland, subsiding, however, into a tone of more respect; "does it want common-place proof to establish the innocence of Arthur Channing? Every action of his past life is a proof. He is honest as the day."

"This warm feeling does you credit, in one sense—"

"It does me no credit at all," fiercely interrupted Roland. "I don't defend him because he is my friend; I don't defend him because we are in the same office, and sit side by side at the same desk; I do it, because I know him to be innocent."

"How do you know it?"

"He *could* not be guilty. He is incapable of it. Better accuse me, or Jenkins than accuse him!"

"You and Jenkins were not at the office during the suspected time."

"Well, I know we were not," acknowledged Roland, dropping his voice to a more reasonable tone. "And, just because it happened, by some cross-grained luck, that Channing was, Butterby pitches on him, and accuses him of the theft. He never did it! and I'll say it with my last breath."

With some trouble; threatenings on the part of the court, and more bursts of explosion from himself; Mr. Roland Yorke was persuaded to retire. He got as far as the back of the room, and there he indulged in under-currents of wrath, touching injustice and Mr. Butterby, to a select circle who gathered round him. Warm-hearted and generous, by fits and starts, was Roland Yorke; he had inherited it with his Irish blood from Lady Augusta.

But meanwhile, where was Mr. Galloway? He did not make his appearance, and it was said he could not be found. Messenger after messenger was dispatched to his office, to his house; and at length Mr. Butterby went himself. All in vain; his servants knew nothing about him. Jenkins, who had the office to himself, thought he must be "somewhere in the town," as he had not said he was going out of it. Mr. Butterby went back crest-fallen, and confessed that, not to take up longer the time of their worships unnecessarily, the case must be remanded to the morrow.

"We will take bail," said the magistrates, before the application was made. "One surety will be sufficient; fifty pounds."

At that, Mr. Roland, who by this time was standing in a sullen manner against a pillar of the court, his violence gone, and biting his nails moodily, made a rush to the front again, heeding little who he knocked down in the process. "I'll be bail," he cried, eagerly. "That is, Lady Augusta will—as I am not a householder. I'll hunt her up and bring her here."

He was turning in his impetuous haste to "hunt up" Lady Augusta, when Hamish Channing imperatively waved him to be still, and spoke to the bench.

"My father's security will be sufficient, I presume?"

"Quite so."

Since Mr. Channing's incapacity, power to sign and to act for him had been vested in Hamish; and the matter was concluded forthwith. The court poured out its crowds. Hamish was on the point of taking Arthur's arm, but was pushed aside by Roland Yorke, who seized upon it as if he could never make enough of him.

"The miserable idiots! to bring such a charge against you, Arthur! I have been half mad ever since I heard of it."

"Thank you, Yorke. You are very kind—"

"'Kind!' Don't talk that school-girl rubbish!" passionately interrupted Roland. "If I were taken up upon a false charge, wouldn't you stand by me?"

"That I would; were it false or true."

"I'll pay that Butterby out, if it's ten years hence! And you, knowing your own innocence, could stand before them there, meek-faced as a tame cat, letting Butterby and the bench have it their own way! A calm temper, such as yours, Arthur, may be very—what do they call it?—Christian, but I'm blest if it's useful! I should have made their ears tingle, had they put me there, like they have not tingled for many a day."

"Who do you suppose took the note?" inquired Hamish of Roland Yorke, speaking for the first time.

"Bother the note!" was the rejoinder of Mr. Roland. "It's nothing to us who took it. Arthur didn't. Go and ask the post-office."

"But the seal?" Hamish was beginning in a friendly tone of argument. Roland bore him down.

"Who cares for the seal? I don't. If Galloway had stuck himself upon the letter, instead of his seal, and never got off it till it reached the cousin Galloway's hand, I'd not care for it. It tells nothing. Do you *want* to find your brother guilty?" he continued, in a tone of scorn. "You did not stand up half for him, Hamish Channing, as I'd expect a brother to stand up for me. Now then, you people! Are you thinking we are live kangaroos escaped from a menagerie? Be off about your own business. Don't come after us."

The last was addressed to a crowd, who had followed upon their heels from the court, in staring curiosity, with that innate delicacy for which we English are remarkable. They had seen Arthur Channing a thousand times before, every one of them, but, as he had been arrested, they must look at him again.—Yorke's scornful reproach and his fierce face somewhat scattered them.

"If it had been Galloway's doings, I'd never have put my foot inside his confounded old office again!" went on Roland. "No! and my lady might have tried her best to force me. Lugging a fellow up for a pitiful, paltry sum of twenty pounds!—who is as much a gentleman as himself!—who, as his own senses might tell him, wouldn't touch it with the end of his finger! But it was that Butterby's handiwork, not Galloway's."

"Galloway must have given Butterby his instructions," observed Hamish.

"He didn't, then," snapped Roland. "Jenkins says he knows he did not, by the remarks Galloway made to him this morning. And Galloway has been away ever since eleven o'clock, we can't tell where. It is nobody but that evil, mischief-making Butterby, and I'd give a crown out of my pocket to have a good duck at him in the river!"

With regard to Mr. Galloway's knowing nothing of the active proceedings taken against Arthur, Roland was right. Mr. Butterby had dispatched a note to Mr. Galloway's office at one o'clock, stating what he had done, and requesting him to be at the office at two, for the examination—which note had been lying there ever since.

It was being opened now. Now—at the exact moment that Mr. Roland Yorke was giving vent to that friendly little wish, conjoining the river and Mr. Butterby. Mr. Galloway had met a friend in the town, and had gone with him a few miles by rail into the country, on unexpected business. He had just returned to find the note, and to hear Jenkins's account of Arthur's arrest.

"I am vexed at this," he exclaimed, his tone betraying excessive annoyance. "Butterby has exceeded his orders."

Jenkins thought he might venture to put in a word for Arthur. He had been intensely surprised, indeed grieved, at the whole affair; and, the not less so, that he feared what he had unconsciously repeated, about a twenty-pound note paying Arthur's debts, might have helped it on. He had full faith in Arthur.

"I feel as sure as sure can be, sir, that it was not Mr. Arthur Channing," he deferentially said. "I have not been in this office with him for more than twelve months without learning something of his principles."

"The principles of all the Channings are well known," returned Mr. Galloway. "No; whatever may be the apparent proofs, I cannot bring myself to think it could be Arthur Channing. Although—" Mr. Galloway did not say although *what*, but changed the topic abruptly. "Are they in court now?"

"I expect so, sir. Mr. Yorke is not back yet."

Mr. Galloway walked to the outer door, deliberating what his course should be. The affair grieved him more than he could express; it angered him; chiefly for his old friend Mr. Channing's sake. "I had better go up to the Guildhall," he soliloquized, "and see if—"

There they were, turning the corner of the street; Roland Yorke, Hamish, and Arthur, and the tail of followers behind. Mr. Galloway waited till they came up. Hamish did not enter, or stop, but went straight home.

"They will be so anxious for news," he exclaimed. Not a word had been exchanged between the brothers. "No wonder that he shuns coming in!" thought Arthur.

Roland Yorke threw his hat from him in silence, and sat down in his place at the desk. Mr. Galloway touched Arthur with his finger, and motioned him towards the private room, and stood there facing him, speaking gravely:—

"Tell me the truth, as before God. Are you innocent or guilty? What you say shall not be used against you."

Quick as lightning, in all solemn earnestness, the word "Innocent" was on Arthur's lips. It had been better for him, perhaps, that he had spoken it. But, alas, that uncertain perplexity, as to how far he might venture to assert his own exculpation, was upon him still. What impression could this hesitation, coupled with the known suspicious circumstances, make upon the mind of Mr. Galloway?

"Have you *no* answer?" emphatically asked Mr. Galloway?

"I am not guilty, sir."

Meanwhile, what do you suppose were the sensations of Mr. Channing? We all know that anguish of mind is far more painful to bear when the body is quiescent, than when it is in motion. In any great trouble, any terrible suspense, look at our sleepless nights! We lie, and toss, and turn, and say, When will the night be gone? In the day we can partially shake it off, walking here, walking there; the brunt of the anguish is lost in the body's exertion.

Mr. Channing could not take this exertion. Lying there always, his days were little better to him than nights, and this strange blow, which had fallen so suddenly and unexpectedly, did nearly overwhelm him. Until that afternoon he would have confidently said that his son might have been trusted in a room full of untold gold. He would have said it still, but for Arthur's manner; it was that which staggered him. More than one urgent message had he dispatched for Mr. Galloway, but that gentleman was unable to go to him until late in the evening.

"My friend," said Mr. Galloway, bending over the sofa, when they were left alone, "I am more grieved at this than you can be."

Mr. Channing clasped his hand.

"Tell me what you think yourself; the simple truth, unglossed over; I ask it, Galloway, by our long friendship. Do you deem him innocent or guilty?"

There might be no subterfuge in the answer to words so earnest, and Mr. Galloway did not attempt at any. He bent lower, and spoke in a whispered tone.

"I believe him to be guilty."

Mr. Channing closed his eyes, and his lips momentarily moved. A word of prayer, to be helped *to bear*, was going up to the throne of God.

"But, never think that it was I who instituted these proceedings against him," resumed Mr. Galloway. "When I called in Butterby to my aid this morning, I had no more notion that it was Arthur Channing who was guilty, than I had that it was that—that sofa of yours. Butterby would have cast suspicion to him then, but I repelled it. He afterwards acted upon his own responsibility while my back was turned. It is as I say often to my office people, I can't stir out for a few hours but something goes wrong! You know the the details of the loss?"

"Ay, by heart," replied Mr. Channing.—"They are suspicious against Arthur, only in so far as that he was alone with the letter.—Sufficient time must have been taken, as I conclude, to wet the envelope and unfasten the gum; and it would appear that he alone had that time. This apparent suspicion would have been nothing to my mind, knowing Arthur as I do, had it not been coupled to a suspicious manner."

"There it is," assented Mr. Galloway, warmly. "It is that manner which leaves no room for doubt. I had him with me privately when the examination was over, and begged him to tell me, as before God: innocent or guilty. He could not. He stood like a statue, with a confused face, his eyes down, and his color varying. He is badly constituted for the commission of crime, for he cannot brave it out. One, knowing himself wrongfully accused, would lay his hand upon his heart, with a bright, upright countenance, and say, I am innocent of this, so help me Heaven! I must confess I did not like his manner yesterday, when he heard me say I should place it in the hands of the police," continued Mr. Galloway. "He grew suddenly agitated, and begged I would not."

"Ay!" cried Mr. Channing, with a groan of pain he could not wholly suppress. "It is an incredible mystery. What could he want with the money? The tale told, about his having debts, has no foundation; he has positively none."

Mr. Galloway shook his head; he would not speak out his thoughts. He knew that Hamish was in debt; he knew that Master Roland Yorke indulged in expensive habits whenever he got the opportunity, and he now deemed it likely that Arthur, between the two examples, might have been drawn in.

"I shall not allow my doubts of him to go further than you," he said, aloud. "And I shall put a summary stop to the law proceedings."

"How will you do that, now that they are publicly entered upon?" asked Mr. Channing.

"I'll manage it," was the reply. "We'll see which is strongest, I or Butterby."

When they were gathering together for the reading, that night, Arthur took his place as usual. Mr. Channing looked at him sternly, and spoke sternly—in the presence of them all.

"Will your conscience allow you to join in this?"

How it stung him! Knowing himself innocent; seeing Hamish, the real culprit, basking there in their love and respect, as usual; the unmerited obloquy cast upon him was nearly too painful to bear. He did not answer: he was battling down his rebellious spirit; and the gentle voice of Mrs. Channing rose instead.

"James, there is all the more need for him to join in it, if things be as you fear." And Mr. Channing applied himself to the reading.

"My son, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation. Set thy heart aright, and constantly endure, and make not haste in time of trouble."

It was a portion of Scripture but rarely chosen, and perhaps for that reason, it fell upon Arthur with greater force. As he listened on, the words brought with them a healing balm; and his chafed, sore spirit was soothed, and grew trusting and peaceful as that of a little child.

CHAPTER XXV.

A MORNING CALL.

You may possibly be blaming Arthur Channing for meeting this trouble in so sad a spirit. Were such an accusation cast unjustly upon you, you would throw it impatiently off, and stand up for yourself and your innocence in the broad light of day. Even were you debarred, as he was, from speaking out the whole truth, you would never be cast down to that desponding depth, and thereby give a coloring to the doubt cast upon you. Are you thinking this? But you must remember that it was not for *himself* that Arthur was so weighed down. Had he possessed no conception how the note went, he would have met the charge very differently, bearing himself bravely, and flinging their suspicion to the winds.

"You people cannot think *me* guilty," he might have said. "My whole previous life is a refutation to the charge."

He would have held up his head and heart cheerfully and hopefully, waiting, and looking for the time when elucidation should come.

No; his grief, his despondency were felt for Hamish. *There* was the fester of the wound. If Arthur Channing had cherished faith in one living being more than in another, it was in his elder brother. He loved him with a lasting love, he revered him as few revere a brother; and the shock was great. He would far rather have fallen down to guilt himself, than that Hamish should have fallen. Tom Channing had said, with reference to Arthur, that, if he were guilty, he should never believe in anything again; they might tell him that cathedral was a house, and not a cathedral, and he should not be surprised. This sort of feeling had come over Arthur. It had disturbed his faith in honor, in goodness—it had almost disgusted him with the world. Arthur Channing is not the only one who has found his faith in his fellow-men rudely shaken.

And yet, the first shock over, his mind was busy finding excuses for him. He knew that Hamish had not erred from any base prompting of self-gratification, but from love. You may be inclined to think this a contradiction, for all such promptings to crime must be base. Of course they are; but, as the motives differ, so do the degrees of baseness. As sure as though the whole intricacies of the matter had been laid bare before him, felt Arthur, had Hamish been driven to it in his desperate need, to save his father's place, and the family's means of support! He felt that, had Hamish alone been in question, he would not have appropriated a pin, that was not his, to save himself from arrest; what he had done he had done in love. Arthur gave him credit for another thing—that he had never cast a glance to the possibility of suspicion falling on Arthur; the post-office would obtain the credit for the loss. Nothing more tangible than that wide field; where they might hunt for the supposed thief until they were tired.

It was a miserable evening, that following the exposure; the precursor of many and many miserable evenings and days to come. Mr. and Mrs. Channing, Hamish, Constance, and Arthur sat in the usual sitting-room when the rest had retired—sat in ominous silence; even Hamish, with his naturally sunny face and his sunny temper, looked gloomy as the grave. Was he deliberating upon whether he should show that all principles of manly justice were not quite dead within him, by speaking up at last, and clearing his wrongfully accused brother? But then—his father's place—his mother's home? all might be forfeited. Who can tell whether this was the purport of Hamish's thoughts, as he sat there in abstraction, away from the light, his head upon his hand? *He* did not say.

Arthur rose; the silence was telling upon him.

"May I say good-night to you, father?"

"Have you nothing else to say?" asked Mr. Channing.

"In what way, sir?" asked Arthur, in a low tone.

"In the way of explanation. Will you leave me to go to my restless pillow without it? This is the first estrangement which has come between us.

What explanation *could* he give? But to leave his father, suffering in body and mind, without attempt at it, was a hard pain to bear.

"Father, I am innocent," he said.

It was all he could say; and it was spoken all too quietly.

Mr. Channing gazed at him searchingly.

"In the teeth of appearances?"

"Yes, sir, in the teeth of appearances."

"Then why—if I am to believe you—have assumed the aspect of guilt, which you certainly have done?"

Arthur involuntarily glanced to Hamish; the thought in his heart was, "*You* know why, if no one else does," and caught Hamish looking at him stealthily, under cover of his fingers. Apparently, Hamish was annoyed at being so caught, and started up.

"Good night, mother. I am going to bed."

They wished him good-night, and he left the room. Mr. Channing turned again to Arthur. He took his hand, and spoke with agitation.

"My boy, do you know that I would almost rather have died than live to see this guilt fall upon you?"

"Oh, father, don't judge me harshly!" he implored. "Indeed, I am innocent!"

Mr. Channing paused.

"Arthur, you never, as I believe, told me a lie in your life. What is this puzzle?"

"I am not telling it now."

"I am tempted to believe you. But why, then, act as if you were guilty? When those men came here to-day, you know what they wanted; you resigned yourself to them voluntarily, a prisoner. When Mr. Galloway questioned you privately of your innocence, you could not assert it."

Neither could he now, in a more explanatory way than he was doing.

"Can you look in my face and tell me in all honor, that you know nothing of the loss of the note?"

"All I can say, sir, is, that I did not take it or touch it."

"Nay, but you are equivocating!" exclaimed Mr. Channing.

Arthur felt that he was, in some measure, and did not gainsay it.

"Are you aware that to-morrow you may be committed for trial on the charge?"

"I know it," replied Arthur. "Unless—unless—" he stopped in agitation. "Unless you will interest yourself with Galloway, and induce him to withdraw the proceedings. Your friendship with him has been close and long, sir, and I think he would do it for you."

"Would you ask this if you were innocent?" said Mr. Channing. "Arthur, it is not the public punishment you ought to dread, but the consciousness of meriting it."

"And that I am not conscious of," he answered, emphatically, in his bitterness. "Father! I would lay down my life to shield you from care! think of me as favorably as you can."

"You will not make me your full confidant?"

"I wish I could! I *wish* I could!"

He wrung his father's hand, and turned to his mother, halting before her. Would she give him her good-night kiss?

Would she? Did a fond mother ever turn against her child? To the prison, to the scaffold, down to the very depths of obloquy and scorn, a loving mother clings to her son. All else may forsake, but she, never, be he what he will. Mrs. Channing drew his face to hers, and burst into sobs as she sheltered it on her bosom.

"*You* will have faith in me, my darling mother!"

The words were spoken in the softest whisper. He kissed her tenderly, and hastened from the room, not trusting himself to say good-night to Constance. In the hall he was waylaid by Judith.

"I say, Master Arthur, it isn't true!"

"Of course it is not true, Judith. Don't you know me better?"

"What an old oaf I am, for asking to be sure! Didn't I nurse him, and haven't I watched him grow up, and don't I know my own boys better?" she added to herself, but speaking aloud.

"To be sure you have, Judy."

"But, Master Arthur, why is the master casting blame to you? And when them insolent police came strutting here to-day, as large as life, in their ugly blue coats and shiny hats, why didn't you hold the door wide, and show 'em out again? I'd never have demeaned myself to go with 'em politely."

"They wanted me at the Town Hall, you know, Judith. I suppose you have heard it all?"

"Then, want should have been their master, for me," retorted Judith. "I'd never have gone, unless they had got a cord and drawed me. I shouldn't wonder but they fingered the money themselves!"

Arthur made his escape, and went up to his room. He was scarcely within it when Hamish left his chamber and came in. Arthur's heart beat quicker. Was he coming to make a clean breast of it? Not he.

"Arthur," Hamish began, speaking in a kindly, but an estranged tone—or else Arthur fancied it—"can I serve you in any way in this business?"

"Of course you cannot," replied Arthur; and he felt vexed with himself that his tone should savor of peevishness.

"I am sorry for it, as you may readily believe, old fellow," resumed Hamish. "When I got into the court to-day, you might have knocked me down with a feather."

"Ay, I should suppose so," said Arthur. "You did not expect the charge would be brought upon me."

"I neither expected it nor believed it when I was told. I inquired of Parkes, the beadle, what unusual thing was going on, seeing so many people about the doors, and he answered that you were under examination. I laughed at him, thinking he was joking."

Arthur made no reply.

"What can I do for you?" repeated Hamish.

"You can leave me to myself, Hamish. That's about the kindest thing you can do for me to-night."

Hamish did not take the hint immediately.

"We must have the accusation quashed, at all hazards," he went on. "But my father thinks Galloway will withdraw it. Yorke says he'll not leave a stone unturned to make Helstonleigh believe the money was lost in the post-office."

"Yorke believes so himself," reproachfully rejoined Arthur.

"I think most people do, with the exception of Butterby. Confounded old meddler! There would have been no outcry at all, but for him."

A pause. Arthur did not seem inclined to break it. Hamish had caught up a bit of whalebone, which happened to be lying on the drawers, and was twisting it about in his fingers, glancing at Arthur from time to time. Arthur leaned against the chimney-piece, his hands in his pockets, and, in like manner, glanced at him. Not the slightest doubt in the world that each was wishing to speak out more freely. But some inward feeling restrained them. Hamish broke the silence.

"Then you have nothing to say to me, Arthur?"

"Not to night."

Arthur thought the "saying" should have been on the other side. He had cherished some faint hope that Hamish would at least *acknowledge* the trouble he had brought upon him.

"I could not help it, Arthur; I was driven to my wits' end; but I never thought of the reproach falling upon you," or words to that effect. No: nothing of the sort.

Constance was ascending the stairs as Hamish withdrew.

"Can I come in, Arthur?" she asked.

For answer, he opened the door and drew her aside.

"Has Hamish spoken of it?" she whispered.

"Not a word—as to his own share in it. He asked, in a general way, if he could serve me. Constance," he feverishly added, "they do not suspect down-stairs, do they?"

"Suspect what?"

"That it was Hamish."

"Of course they do not. They suspect you. At least, papa does. He cannot make it out; he never was so puzzled in all his life. He says you must either have taken the money, or connived at its being taken: to believe otherwise, would render your manner perfectly inexplicable. Oh, Arthur, he is so grieving! He says other troubles have arisen without fault on our part; but this, the greatest, has been brought by guilt."

"There is no help for it," wailed Arthur. "I could only clear myself at the expense of Hamish, and it would be worse for them to grieve for him than for me. Bright, sunny Hamish! whom my mother has, I believe, in her heart, loved the best of all of us. Thank you, Constance, for keeping my counsel."

"How unselfish you are, Arthur."

"Unselfish! I don't see it as a merit. It is my simple duty to be so in this. If I, by a rash word of complaint, directed suspicion to Hamish, and our home in consequence got broken up, who would be the selfish one then?"

"There's the consideration which frightens and fetters us. Papa must have been thinking of that, when he thanked God that the trouble had not fallen upon Hamish."

"Did he do that?" asked Arthur, eagerly.

"Yes, just now. 'Thank God that this cloud did not fall upon Hamish," he exclaimed. 'It had been far worse for us then.'"

Arthur listened. Had he wanted anything to confirm him in the sacrifice he was making, those words of his father's would have done it. Mr. Channing had no greater regard for one son than for the other; but he knew, as well as his children, how much depended upon Hamish.

The tears were welling up into the eyes of Constance.

"I wish I could speak comfort to you!" she whispered.

"Comfort will come with time, I daresay, darling. Don't stay. I seem quite fagged out to-night, and would be alone."

Ay, alone. Alone with his grief and with God.

To bed at last, but not to sleep; not for hours and for hours. His anxiety of mind was intense, chiefly for Hamish; though he endured some on his own score. To be pointed at as a thief in the town, stung him to the quick, even in anticipation; and there was also the uncertainty as to the morrow's proceedings; for all he knew, they might end in the prosecution being carried on, and his committal for trial. Towards morning, he dropped into a heavy sleep; and to awake from that, was the worst of all; for his troubles came pressing upon his brain with tenfold poignancy.

He rose and dressed, in some perplexity—perplexity as to the immediate present. Ought he, or ought he not, to go as usual to Mr. Galloway's? He really could not tell. If Mr. Galloway believed him guilty—and there was little doubt of that now—of course he could no longer be tolerated in the office. On the other hand, to stop away voluntarily, might look like an admission of guilt.

He determined to go, and did so. It was the early morning hour, when he had the office to himself. He got through his work—the copying of a somewhat elaborate will—and returned home to breakfast. He found Mr. Channing had risen, which was not usual. Like Arthur, his night had been an anxious one, and the bustle of the breakfast-room was more tolerable than bed. I wonder what Hamish's had been! The meal passed in uncomfortable silence.

A tremendous peal at the hall bell, startling the house, echoing through the Boundaries, astonishing the rooks, and sending them on the wing with a caw! caw! On state occasions it pleased Judith to answer the door herself; her helpmate, over whom she held undisputed sway, ruling her with a tight hand, dared not put herself forward to attempt it. The bell tingled still, and Judy, believing it could be nobody less than the bishop come to alarm them with a matinal visit, hurried on a clean white apron, and stepped across the hall.

Mr. Roland Yorke! Nobody more formidable. He passed Judith with an unceremonious nod, and marched into the breakfast-room.

"Good-morning, all! I say, old chap, are you ready to come to the office? It's good to see you down at this early hour, Mr. Channing."

He was invited to take a seat, but declined; it was time they were at Galloway's, he said. Arthur hesitated.

"I do not know whether Mr. Galloway will expect me," he observed.

"Not expect you!" flashed Roland, lapsing into his loud, excited manner. "I can tell you what, Arthur, if he doesn't expect you, he sha'n't expect me. Mr. Channing, did you ever know anything so shamefully overbearing and unjust as that affair yesterday?"

"Unjust, if it be unfounded," replied Mr. Channing.

"Unfounded!" uttered Roland. "If that's not unfounded, there never was an unfounded charge brought yet. I'd answer for Arthur with my own life. I should like to sew up that Butterby! I hope, sir, you'll bring an action against him."

"You feel it strongly, Mr. Roland."

"I should hope I do! Look you, Mr. Channing, it is a slur on our office; on me, and on Jenkins, and on Galloway himself. Yes, on Galloway. I say what I mean, and nobody shall talk me down. I'd rather believe it was Galloway did it than Arthur. I shall tell him so."

"This sympathy evinces very kind feeling on your part, Ro——"

"I declare I shall go mad if I hear that told me again!" interrupted Roland, turning red with passion. "It makes me wild. Everybody's on with it. 'You—are—very—kind—to—take—up—Arthur—Channing's—cause!' they mince out. Incorrigible idiots! Kind! Why, Mr. Channing, if that cat of yours, there, basking out her long tail in the sun, were to be accused of swallowing down a mutton-chop, and you felt morally certain that she did not do it, wouldn't you stand up for her against punishment?"

Mr. Channing could not forbear a smile at Roland and his hot championship.

"To be 'morally certain' may do when cats are in question, Mr. Roland; but the law, unfortunately, requires something more for us, the superior animal. No father living has had more cause to put faith in his children than I. The unfortunate point in this business is, that the loss appears to have occurred so mysteriously, when the letter was in charge of Arthur."

"Yes, if it had occurred that way; but who believes it did, save a few pates with shallow brains?" retorted Roland. "The note is burning a hole in the pocket of some poor, ill-paid wight of a letter-carrier: that's where the note is. I beg your pardon, Mr. Channing, but it's of no use to interrupt me with arguments about old Galloway's seal. They go in at one ear and out at the other. What more easy than to put a penknife under the seal and unfasten it?"

"You cannot do this where gum is used as well, as it was to that letter."

"Who cares for the gum!" retorted Mr. Roland. "I don't pretend to say, sir, how it was accomplished, but I know it must have been done, somehow. Watch a conjuror at his tricks! You can't *tell* how he gets a shilling out of a box which you yourself put in—all you know is, he does get it out; or how he exhibits some receptacle, crammed full, which you could have sworn was empty. Just so with the letter. The bank-note did get out of it, but we can't tell how, except that it was not through Arthur. Come along, old fellow, or Galloway may be blowing us up for arriving late."

Twitching Tom's hair as he passed him, treading on the cat's tail, and tossing a branch of sweet-briar full of thorns at Annabel, Mr. Roland Yorke made his way out in a commotion. Arthur, yielding to the strong will, followed. Roland passed his arm within his, and they went towards Close street.

"I say, old chum, I haven't had a wink of sleep all night, worrying over this bother. My room is over Lady Augusta's, and she sent up this morning to know what I was pacing about for, like a troubled ghost. I woke at four o'clock, and I could not get to sleep after; so I just stamped about a bit, to stamp the time away."

In a happier mood Arthur might have laughed at his Irish speech.

"I am glad you stand by me, at any rate, Yorke. I never did it, you know. Here comes Williams. I wonder in what light he will take up the affair? Perhaps he will turn me from my place in the college."

"He had better!" flashed Roland. "I'd 'turn' him!"

Mr. Williams appeared to "take up the affair" in a resentful, haughty sort of spirit, something like Roland, only that he was quieter over it. He cast ridicule to the charge.

"I am astonished at Mr. Galloway!" he observed, when he had been speaking with them some moments. "Should he go on with the case, the town will cry shame upon him."

"Ah, but you see it was that meddling Butterby, not Galloway," returned Yorke. "As if Galloway did not know us chaps in his office better than to suspect us!"

"I fancy Butterby is more fond of meddling than he need be," said the organist. "A party in the town, living not a hundred miles from this very spot, was suspected of having made free with a ring, which disappeared from a dressing-table, where she was paying an evening visit; and I declare if Butterby did not put his nose into it, and worm out all the particulars!"

"That she had not taken it?"

"That she had. But it was productive of great annoyance; all parties, even those who lost the ring, would rather have buried it in quiet. It was hushed up afterwards. Butterby ought to understand people's wishes, before he sets to work."

"I wish press gangs were in fashion!" emphatically uttered Roland. "What a nice prize he'd make!"

"I suppose I can depend upon you to take the duty at college this morning?" Mr. Williams said to Arthur, as he was leaving them.

"Yes; I shall be out in time for the examination at Guildhall; the hour fixed is half-past eleven."

"Old villains the magistrates must have been, to remand it at all!" was the concluding comment of Mr. Roland Yorke.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

RECRUITS.—An order from the War Department says:—"Upon a requisition being made by the commanders of the armies in the field, authority will be given by the Department to the governors of the respective states to recruit for the regiments now in the service."

ANDREW JOHNSON has quietly notified the directors of the State Bank of Tennessee, who handed over the assets of that institution to the rebel leaders, that they will be held individually responsible for every cent of interest the state held in it. They are very sorrowful, for many of them have great possessions.

THE following notice was posted on the estate of a noble marquis in Kent:—"Notice is hereby given that the Marquis of ——— (on account of the backwardness of the season) will not shoot himself nor any of his tenants till after the 15th of September!"

THE largest ship-owner in Great Britain, and in fact, in the world, is Ralph Brocklebank, Vice President of the Royal Insurance Company, who has afloat nearly six hundred sail of vessels.

THE women of Poland have a watchful eye over their daughters, and make them wear little bells on their persons, to denote where they are and what they are about.

TIME DIFFERENCES IN THE UNITED STATES.—Boston time is of course considerably faster than that of all the leading cities of the United States. The figures given below indicate how many minutes slower the time is in the cities named than it is in Boston:—New York, 12 minutes; Philadelphia, 16; Baltimore, 22; Washington, 24; Richmond, 26; Charleston, 35; New Orleans, 70; Buffalo, 30; Cleveland, 42; Detroit, 48; Cincinnati, 53; Indianapolis, 57; Louisville, 57; Chicago, 65; Cairo, 70; St. Louis, 76; St. Paul, 88; San Francisco, 207 minutes. This difference of time is quite important in these days when the telegraph is so generally used.

GEN. G. F. SMITH.—Gen. Smith was a devoted patriot and an undaunted soldier, and his brilliant charge at Fort Donelson will be remembered as one of the most heroic deeds of the war. While he lay sick at Savannah, he could distinctly hear the cannonading during the two days' fighting at Shiloh. He listened to the artillery roar with some impatience, and finally cried out:—"My God! what do they keep up this continual firing for? Why don't they settle it at the point of the bayonet?"

A LETTER from Athens announces an important discovery for the history of art, which has just been made by Mr. Starck, an English architect, and member of the archæological commission sent to Greece. Researches which Mr. Starck has caused to be made at his own expense have brought to light the ancient theatre of Bacchus, upon the southern slope of the Acropolis.

THE jewels of the Egyptian Queen Ash-Kotep, who died eighteen hundred years before Christ, and whose tomb was discovered by a French archæologist in 1850, will be exhibited at the International Exhibition in London. When found at Gounah, the body of the queen was covered with objects in gold and silver.

REMARKABLE EXPLOIT.—On last Friday week, Mr. Samuel McDowell, of Armagh township, Mifflin county, seeing a deer in a field near his house, gave chase, ran the animal into a creek, where he caught him by the ears, and held on until a rope was brought and the prize completely secured.

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.—The late Governor-General of Canada, Sir Edmund Head, has refused the governorship of Bombay, at £12,500 sterling per annum, in consequence of the climate not being likely to agree with Lady Head. Isn't he a considerate husband?

THE formalities of passing through the custom-house at Boulogne were lately abolished and passengers can now land with small hand bags free from any examination whatever, as at any English port.

A NEW feature has recently been introduced at balls and parties in Paris. The supper is not served on one long table as usual, but on little tables, at each of which presides a lady of the company. The change proves a great success.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The House of Representatives has passed the Pacific Railroad Bill, by a vote of seventy-nine to forty-nine. The bill incorporates a company with seventy-five corporators, to construct a railroad from the one hundred-and-second degree west longitude to the western boundary of Nevada, and granting the company every alternate section of land on the line of the road, and also bonds of the United States to the amount of sixteen thousand dollars a mile. Upon this measure political parties were very promiscuously mixed up. The entire Philadelphia delegation voted aye.

THE total force of the rebels at Yorktown, according to reports found at the headquarters of Gen. Magruder, was less than 70,000. One of their officers who was captured said 85,000. The former may have been the *effective* force—ready for immediate action.

THE NEW CONNECTICUT NUTMEGS.—A good anecdote is told of one of the Connecticut boys. While in conversation with a rebel, after the capture of Fort Pulaski, the latter said, "At least, with all our faults, we have never made wooden nutmegs." The Yankee, a very demure-looking specimen, innocently replied: "We do not make them of wood any longer," and pointing to one of the big projectiles lying near, which had breached the fort, added quietly, "we make them now of iron." Secesh subsided.

DR. CHAPIN'S ILLNESS.—Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin's illness has assumed such a serious phase that he will probably cease preaching, and, by the advice of his physician, go to Europe, in which case it is his intention to remain abroad a year.

"ERICSSON, the contriver of the Monitor, is a Swede; he was in England some years ago, and was in communication with the Admiralty, but was *considered a mere scientific dreamer—a projector of impossibilities—and was politely boxed out.*" Well, time at last *does* set all things even, and brings about its own revenges. The British Admiralty sneered at Ericsson's impracticability, and lo! he invents a marine steam-battery which reduces the "*Wooden Walls of Old England*" into nonentity.

THE British Admiralty has ordered all wooden corvettes, sloops, and gunboats in the navy to be iron-clad, and converted into powerful floating Armstrong batteries, the work to be commenced immediately. The Royal Sovereign is in the course of conversion into a cupola vessel on Captain Coles (Ericsson's) plan. She will have a beak placed below the water acting as a powerful ram.

THE STEVENS BATTERY.—It is understood that the Board recently appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to examine the Stevens battery have, after a full investigation, reported that it should be finished, but that some modifications be made in the details of the work remaining to be done.

DEATH FROM EATING PAINTED CANDY.—A charming little girl, aged about five years, one of two children of Mr. Charles Clemenshaw, of Lansingburg, N. Y., died on the 6th inst., from the effects of eating painted confectionary—actually poisoned to death.—*Ex.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market opened firm but dull, with a very limited inquiry for export. The week's sales reach some 6000 barrels, taken in lots, at $5,12½@5,25 for common and good superfine; $5,37½@5,62½ for extras; $5,40@5,87½ for family, and $6@6,25 for fancy brands, including about 1500 barrels, part Jenny Lind family, on terms kept private. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and 300 barrels found buyers, mostly at $3,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is unsettled and lower, with sales of 2500 bbls Pennsylvania Meal at $2,50@2,65, chiefly at $2,60@2,62½ ₱ bbl; 250 bbls Brandywine Meal also sold at a price kept private.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat both for shipment and milling, prices are 5@6c off the highest point reached. Sales comprise about 40,000 bushels in lots, part for milling, at 130@137c for good and choice Pennsylvania reds, in store and afloat, closing at our lowest figures, afloat, including some small lots Delaware red at 135@138c, and Pennsylvania and Kentucky white at 138@145c for common to prime quality. Rye is also lower, and 6000 bus Pennsylvania have been disposed of, chiefly at 73c. Corn has been in good request, but the demand has fallen off, with sales of 37,000 bus, mostly Southern yellow, at 50@55c, afloat, and 53½@54½c in store and in the cars. We quote at 55c, afloat. Oats have declined; about 25,000 bus found buyers at 38@37c for Delaware, and 40@39c for Pennsylvania, the latter in store. Barley and Malt remain quiet.

PROVISIONS—The advices from the West continue favorable, and prices generally are better, with a small business doing in Barreled Meats at $12,25@13 for Western and city Mess Pork, and Mess Beef at $18@15 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed. Of Bacon the sales are limited, at 6@6½c for plain and fancy Hams, 6@6½c for Sides, and 5@5½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are wanted, but generally held above the views of buyers, with free sales of Hams, in salt and pickle, at 5½@6½c; Sides, in salt, at 5½@5½c, and Shoulders at 4½@4½c, cash and short time. Lard is firmer, with moderate sales of tcs and bbls at 8½@8½c, and kegs at 8½@8½c, cash and time, now held at the latter figures; country sells at about ½c ₱ lb less. Butter is in steady demand at 8@10c for packed, and 13@15c for roll. Cheese is firm at 7@8c ₱ lb. Eggs are in demand at 10@11c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is dull and unsettled, with sales of some 300 bales only to note, in small lots, at from 23 to 32c, cash, mostly at about 27c for middling quality.

ASHES—Prices are steady, and the sales of both kinds limited.

BARK—The receipts and sales continue light, and the demand good at fully former rates, 1st No 1 Quercitron selling freely on arrival at $31,50; 35 hhds Peterson & Mustard's sold at $35 ₱ ton, and Tanners' Bark at $12@13 for Chestnut, and $15@16 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX is firm, and taken in a small way at 32@34c ₱ lb.

COAL—Some descriptions of Anthracite, Red Ash in particular, are very scarce and prices tend upward, with a good demand for the Eastern markets, which are very bare, at fully former rates, and orders are coming in more freely.

COFFEE—The market is firm with light arrivals and sales, in all some 2000 bags, mostly Rio, sold at 18½@19c, including some small lots of Laguayra at 20@21c, and Java at 25@25½c, on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull, some further sales of Yellow Metal are reported at 24c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, with further sales at 37@40c, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit is inactive, and a small business doing in Apples and Peaches at previous quotations; the former are scarce.

HAY is better, with sales of good Timothy at 75@85c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS continue dull, and the sales limited to a few small lots at 15@18c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is some inquiry for Pig Metal, but generally at a price below the views of makers, and about 2000 tons Anthracite have been sold at $22 for No 1, and $21 for No 2, on time. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Blooms and Boiler Iron are firm, but quiet. In Manufactured Iron there is a good business doing.

LEAD—The receipts are light, and the market is quiet at the decline.

LUMBER—The demand is better, and prices the same, with further sales of Hemlock Raft Lumber at $6@7, White Pine Boards at $15@16, and Yellow Sap do at $13@14. Laths sell in lots as wanted at $1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm, and prime quality in request, with further sales of 500 hhds in lots, including Cuba Muscovado at 27@30c; Barbadoes 28c, and Porto Rico at 37@40c, on the usual credit.

PLASTER is arriving and selling more freely, but prices are lower, ranging at $2,25@2,75 ₱ ton, the latter for Soft.

RICE—There is more doing in East India, and 600 bags sold at 5¼c. Prices range at 5¼@6c. Carolina continues scarce and the demand limited at 7@7¼c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—There is a better demand for Clover seed, with but little offering, and 500 bushels have been taken at $4,50@4,62½ ₱ bus, the latter for prime. Timothy is dull and nearly nominal at $1,50@1,75 ₱ bus, with sales of 250 bus, mostly at the former rate. Flaxseed is also lower, and prices are unsettled and nearly nominal. Red Top is steady at $2,50 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue very firm, with about the usual business to note. N E Rum is steady at 36@37c. Whiskey is better, bbls having been sold to some extent at 24@26c for Penns and Western, now held at the latter rate; Drudge at 21½@23c, and hhds at 23@24c.

SUGAR—The market opened very strong, with further sales of about 1200 hhds, including Cuba at 6¾@7¾c, and Porto Rico at 7¾@8c, on time. Some box Sugar also sold at 7¾@8c, all on the usual credit, and the market closed with an upward tendency.

TALLOW is firm, with further sales of rendered at 8½@9c, the latter for city.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet, but prices of Leaf especially are unsettled and drooping. Of Manufactured the stock is very much reduced, and prices about the same.

WOOL—The near approach of the new clip has increased the dullness already noticed in the market, which is unsettled and drooping, and a few small lots only have found buyers at 45@50c for fine Fleece, 48c for tub, and 37@43c for pulled, cash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1318 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 50 Cows brought from $18 to 45 ₱ head. 3800 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5¾c ₱ cwt. 873 Hogs sold at $5,00 to 6 ₱ cwt net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1862.

Alabama	80 dis.	Missouri	5 to 20 dis
Canada	par	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	60 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	3 to 7½ dis.	North Carolina	60 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 57 dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	60 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 1 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	4 to 40 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 3 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN HYDECKER, of Lancaster county, to Miss MARY DORSEY, of this city.

At Ashland, Ky., May 1st, by the Rev. T. A. Hoyt, of Louisville, SAMUEL HOWELL JONES, to ELIZA KATE JACOB, daughter of the late John Jacob, Esq. of Louisville.

On April 7th, 1862, at the American Consulate, Leipsic, Saxony, G. D. SCULL, to ANNA, daughter of the late Thos. Holdor, Esq. of Grafton, Warwickshire, England.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, JOHN C. RAYMOND, Esq. to Miss EMILY S. PFLEGER, only daughter of John W. Pfleger, Esq. both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOSEPH GREEN, of Lower Merion, to Miss SALLIE A. MILLER, of Manayunk.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM DAVIDSON, to Miss HANNAH E. SMITH, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. JOHN LUCAS, to Miss PRISCILLA M. PEACOCK, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. A. McKean, Mr. THOMAS MCKEAN ENGLISH, to Miss ANN ELIZABETH, only daughter of Isaac Bedford, Esq. both of this city.

On the 25th of March, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. CHARLES CARPENTER, to Miss EMMA R. WALSH, both of this city.

On the 23th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. DALLAS D. L. BLOOM, to Miss EMILY J. CLARK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Monday evening, May 5th, ELIZABETH M. wife of John Evans, of New Castle county, Del. and daughter of B. R. Springer, of this city, aged 41 years.

On the morning of the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH FISHER, widow of the late Judge John Fisher, of Dover, Del. in her 78th year.

On Wednesday, the 7th instant, THOMAS M. LINNARD, in his 85th year.

On Wednesday, May 7th, at Northumberland, Pa. of typhoid fever, GEORGE MERRICK, brother of Saml. V. Merrick, of this city, in his 53th year.

On Sunday, May 4th, HENRY ONDERDONK, eldest son of the late Abram W. Sharpless, aged 22 years.

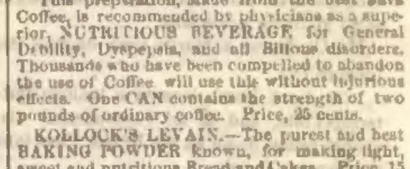
On the morning of the 7th instant, REBECCA WARNER, relict of the late Wm. W. Warner, in her 74th year.

On the 3d instant, DANIEL S. SNIDEMAN, in his 48th year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH PARRY, in her 29th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. JOHN H. THOMPSON, in his 71st year.

On the 5th instant, SAMUEL WHITE, in his 52th year.



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These Lands are adjacent to the Railroad. A tract of EIGHTY ACRES will make a good comfortable homestead. The purchaser may buy

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THE LOW PRICE

of Lumber, contract for a convenient house, fencing, and farming tools. The Company has sold OVER ONE THOUSAND of such

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A very fine Card Photograph of Parson Brownlow, photographed expressly for us, May 1st, 1862. This is the only likeness of Parson Brownlow taken since his arrival in Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail, free of charge.

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DANDELION COFFEE.

This preparation, Made from the best Java Coffee, is recommended by physicians as a superior, NUTRICIOUS BEVERAGE for General Debility, Dyspepsia, and all Bilious disorders. Thousands who have been compelled to abandon the use of Coffee will use this without injurious effects. One CAN contains the strength of two pounds of ordinary coffee. Price, 25 cents.

KOLLOCK'S LEVAIN.—The purest and best BAKING POWDER known, for making light, sweet and nutritious Bread and Cakes. Price 15 cents. Manufactured by

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Corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philada.
And sold by all Druggists and Grocers.
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DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT has been for thirty years the standard remedy.

RECENT COUGHS, and COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, etc., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and expectorant power.

ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.

BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the cough and pain.

CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, etc., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable.

This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 24-tf

FEVERS, FEVER AND AGUE.—Bilious Affections, Colds, Rheumatisms, Costiveness, Consumptions, Affections of the Spleen, of the Liver, of the Heart, Tumors, and all diseases which destroy life, have always exhibited, upon dissection of the body, a number of hard or concrete points, either in some of the organs named or in the blood-vessels, sometimes even ramifying in the flesh, and again deposited upon the side of a bone. Now these little hard substances would NEVER FORM IF BRANDRETH'S PILLS were used: they would be purged out of the system, and years of happy life would be the sufferer's lot instead of an early grave. Always purge, but NEVER SICKEN in sickness.

T. D. Carpenter, Esq., Governeur, St. Lawrence Co., New York, 64 years of age, says he has used BRANDRETH'S PILLS for 34 years, administered them first to his coachman, who had fever and ague: gave eight the day after the chill; chills and fever less severe; gave eight more the next day, and so every other day until the chill and fever did not return, which was about eight days from the first attack. He then gave four every other day for another week, when the man was entirely restored to his usual good health.

He was himself attacked; took them in the same way and was cured in less time. Has used no other in diebts for 34 years; found them always reliable for himself and family when sick; has recommended them to thousands with the best results, and feels confident that every family would have a far, er average of health if these Pills were used in the place of calomel and other hurtful remedies.

Price 25 cents each. Principal Office, 294 Canal st. cet, New York. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. my17-2tcow

Wit and Humor.

PULL ARMSTRONG, PULL ADMIRALTY.

A PROBABLE CHRONOLOGY.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

1860. Mr. Armstrong, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, invents Rifled Ordnance that will knock any ship to pieces. He is knighted, and the Admiralty is benighted.

1861. The Admiralty recovers, and invents iron ships that will resist any known cannon balls.

1862. Sir William Armstrong invents a gun that smashes the Iron Ships into blacksmithereens. The Admiralty collapses.

1863. The Admiralty re-expands, and invents Platina Ships fastened with diamond cement, and Sir William Armstrong's balls fly to pieces like bon-bons.

Mr. Gladstone doubles the Income-Tax.

1864. Sir William Armstrong invents Brazen Thunderbolts (supposed to be the original Jupiters), and in a pleasing experiment sends the greater part of the British Fleet to the bottom of the sea.

1865. The Admiralty invents Torpedo vessels, which sail under water, and below any range of guns. Sir William Armstrong tears his hair, and swears in the Newcastle dialect.

1866. Sir William Armstrong invents a Vertical gun, that discharges Greek fire straight down, and a second time he destroys the greater part of the British Fleet. The Lords of the Admiralty are about to hang themselves, when a thought strikes them, and they don't.

Mr. Gladstone again doubles the Income-Tax.

1867. Dr. Cumming, who has for some weeks been having in his coals by the sack only, suddenly proclaims the Millennium. As there is now to be peace everywhere, the Admiralty does not invent anything, but waits to see.

In order to test Dr. Cumming's veracity, and to find out whether lions will lie down with kids, the Zoological Society (against the advice of their excellent Secretary, Mr. Sclater) lets loose their biggest lion while a charity school is in the Gardens. As the lion, instead of lying down with a kid, only lies down to digest him, the Admiralty thinks there is some mistake somewhere, and determines to invent a new fleet.

Mr. Gladstone once more doubles the Income-Tax.

1868. The Admiralty invents a Stone Fleet, with cork keels, and defies Sir William Armstrong.

1869. Sir William Armstrong invents the Hannibal, or Alp-Shell, which contains the strongest vinegar, and melts the Stone ships. Having for the third time destroyed the British Fleet, he is raised to the peerage as Lord Bomb.

1870. The Admiralty invents an Aerial Fleet, which sails in the clouds, out of shot range, and the First Lord takes a double sight at Sir William Armstrong.

Mr. Gladstone a fourth time doubles the Income-Tax.

1871. Lord Bomb invents a Balloon Battering-Train, and in an experimental discharge brings down all the British Fleet into the German Ocean.

1872. The Admiralty, in desperation, invents a Subterranean Fleet, which is to be conveyed by tunnels to all the Colonies, but Mr. Gladstone blandly suggests that as everybody now pays twice his income in taxes, the people may object to further imposts unless some proof of economy is given.

Government therefore stop the pensions of a hundred superannuated clerks, discharge some extra night porters at the Treasury, and bring in Estimates for the Subterranean Fleet.

1873. Lord Bomb invents his Typhoons, or Earthquake Shells, and suffocates the British Fleet in the Tasmania Tunnel.

Mr. Gladstone a fifth time doubles the Income-Tax.

1874. The Emperor of the French proclaims the Millennium, which of course immediately occurs, no more war-ships are wanted, and the collectors remit the quarter's Income-Tax not yet due. Lord Bomb invents his Volcano Fireworks, in honor of the occasion, and by some accident burns up the Public.

A CONFUSION OF COLORS.—Old Judge Green met me the other day, and said,

"Mr. Painter, I *married* my daughter last month."

"Ah," says I, "to whom?"

"Dr. Brown *married* her," rejoins he.

"Who was the clergyman?" inquired I.

"Rev. Mr. White *married* them," answers he.

"When were they *married?*" asks I.

"On Wednesday, the same day I *married* MY wife," responded the Judge.

Now, among all these colors—Green, Brown and White—who married the quondam Miss Green? and how could my friend, the Judge, marry "his wife?"

THE LIMITS OF SCIENCE.—A Western steamer burst her boiler a few years since, and a gentleman found, on reaching the ground, that an iron bar, six feet long, had gone in at his stomach, and projected from his back. A surgeon informed him that if the bar remained it would cause mortification, and if it was removed it would cause him to bleed to death. "Science has its limits," remarked the doctor, "and you have your choice."

A DISTINCTION.—"Is Mr. ——— good?" said a bank officer to a director, the other day. "That depends whether you mean God-ward or man-ward," was the answer. "God-ward," continued the doctor, "Mr. ——— is good. No man in our church is sounder in the faith, or prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent, according to his means. But man-ward, I am sorry to say that Mr. ——— is rather tricky."

THE TAX BILL.

Some light-minded genius travesties the complicated requirements of the proposed national tax law, as follows:—

Snuff boxes are to pay a tax of $1 per year.

For every pinch of snuff given to a friend, 3 cents.

For asking a friend to drink, 35 cents.

For playing billiards, 25 cents.

License to kill woodcock, $8 a year.

Tax on moustaches, $2 a month.

On whiskers, other than those belonging to cats and dogs, $3 a month.

For blowing the nose in the public streets, 75 cents.

In country roads, 50 cents.

License to shoot rabbits, $1.

To shoot marbles, $1. If "China alleys" are used in the game, a further tax of 40 cents.

To play euchre, $1.50. If the two bowers are held, a further tax of 50 cents.

Hurdy-gurdies are to pay a tax of $1 a tune.

Mocking birds, 75 cents.

To sneeze in the public highway, 15 cents. If accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.

License to peddle fire-wood, $1 per month.

License to beg cold victuals, $1.50.

License to gather bones, $3.

JUDICIAL.

Every person taking an affidavit shall be assessed 25 cents.

Ordinary cursing and swearing to pay five cents an oath, and swearing to be measured by a *cursometer* to be furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury.

TO TAKE THE SCENT OUT OF CLOTHING.—Sitting on the piazza of the Cataract was a young fop, with his garments highly scented with musk and cologne. A solemn, odd-looking man, after passing by the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone said—

"Stranger, I know what'll take that smell out of your clothes; you—"

"What! what do you mean, sir?" said the exquisite, fired with indignation, starting from his chair.

"Oh, get mad, now—swear, pitch round, fight, just because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I do know what will take out that smell—phew! You just bury your clothes—bury 'em a day or two. Uncle Josh got afoul of a skunk, and he—"

At this moment there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment, and the dandy vanished up stairs.

THE FIGURES ON DRESS PARADE.—Assuming an army of 600,000 men formed into line, single rank, they would show a front of 23 miles, allowing two feet to a man, which is rather close packing for free movements. We will countermarch one-half—the right wing—and place them as a rear rank, (the usual formation,) and we have a front of 11½ miles, which distance they would require when marching in column of platoons. Should the generalissimo wish to make a rapid inspection, if he had the appliance of a parallel railroad track and a fast locomotive, he may run down in front of the line in a quarter of an hour, and make a hasty review. If mounted on his charger, at a smart trot, it would require over a half hour. This respectable army, formed in hollow square, (in double rank,) would be nearly three miles from side to side, showing on each front a fraction under three miles. The inclosure would contain about 5,760 acres, an area equal to some immense Indian corn-fields in Illinois. When marching in column, it would require a whole day, taking the thing easy, for the extreme left wing to reach the point left by the right wing in the early start. When we add the commissariat, artillery, ammunition, and other wheel transports, we must give the army two whole days before the left wing *debouch* from the starting point of the right wing. If this immense army were formed in solid square, allowing about four square feet for a man, they would cover about 150 acres, and form a block of bayonets a fraction under a quarter of a mile square. Estimating each man as carrying weight of musket, equipments, rations, &c., at fifty pounds, this army will have trudged along with 15,000 tons weight. Allowing two pounds of provisions per diem for each man, they consume 600 tons per day, and if they consume one quart of water per day, which is the best drink for an army, they consume 150,000 gallons—say 1,200 hogsheads—which is a clever sized shipload each day.

OLD-TIME CORSETS.—The corsets worn by the majority of females among the wealthier classes, are made on comparatively commendable principles, as contrasted with those donned by the generality of their humbler sisters, who prefer an article which sets at defiance every hygienic rule and law; but even these are an improvement on those worn by our grandmothers in their maiden days, for the stays of that period contained almost as much whalebone as they did buckram and jean; and in many instances were made entirely of heavy, solid *shoe leather, nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness!*—No wonder that the females of George the Third's time were a stiff-backed generation.

SIN LEAVES ITS MARK.—Mr. Gough says, "Boys, what you learn from bad habits, and in bad society, you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you. I would give my right hand to-night if I *could forget* that which I have learned in evil society—if I could tear from my mind the things which I have seen and heard. You cannot, I believe, take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged or harbored in the heart. You may pray against it, and by God's grace you may conquer it; but it will *through life* cause you bitterness and anguish."

CABBY'S OPINION.

CAB DRIVER (*after having received his legal fare, and not a cent over*).—"Now, that's what I call the very worst sort of a 'woman's rights' woman!"

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—The illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, when a boy at Grantham, introduced into the Grammar School there the flying of paper kites, and took great pains to ascertain their best forms and proportions, and the point at which the string should be attached to them. He also made paper lanterns for candles, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings; and he frequently attached these lanterns to the tails of kites in a dark night, so as to lead credulous people to believe his candles to be comets.

☞ The Spiritualists have issued an edition of the Bible, revised and explained by the original writers, through a "medium."

Agricultural.

HOW FARMERS CAN MAKE MONEY.

At a recent meeting of the American Institute Farmer's Club, Solon Robinson read the following letter from Cairo, Ill., dated April 22, 1862:

This age will be called heroic forever. Equally with the soldier will the farmer be honored, because he sustains the soldier. In every branch of business a slight change may produce astonishing results. Now, for the first time in the world's history, are farming interests controlled and guided by educated men.

In a recent number of The Illinois Farmer, printed at Springfield by M. L. Dunlap, Esq., is the most remarkable article that ever appeared in any agricultural paper, or in any publication whatever. It discusses the question, whether *corn at* 10 *cents is profitable for fuel.* The conclusion reached is, that coal is the cheapest; that at 9 cents, corn would be cheapest; but, unless the coal or wood is of first quality, the wife should be at liberty to send to the corn-crib. This will be new to most readers—it is equally new that corn will burn at all. I am informed that it makes a good fire. I am happy to say I have never seen it burn.

Nothing more than this is needed to show that we have raised too much grain. Most of the farmers know it, but every one is not persuaded what most profitably can be raised instead. This letter aims to supply the seeming want. The army fails to take a fort in a certain way; the plan is changed, and it shouts victoriously over fallen batteries and thousands of captives. In like manner is the farmer to change his plans—it is for him to conquer in the peaceful field. The outline of his plan should be, to plough less, to hoe more. "Ho! farmers, hoe!"

COTTON.

In the southern parts of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, this plant will be largely cultivated. Here, among the people, no seed can be had; usually it has rotted at the gins; now it is gathered up, and is going to be planted. But it can be obtained at all the stations. Let everybody try it; thousands are certain to succeed and to do well.

TOBACCO.

On good soil it can be raised everywhere. Connecticut settled this question ten years ago, and every year since has raised a better article and got higher prices than Virginia has done. Those who have no more than half an acre of land should raise all they use. New, raw tobacco is not very good, it cankers the mouth, but give it a little age, and get used to it, and you will prefer it. You can easily press and improve it, and, if you *will* chew, you will not be obliged to use what the slovenly slave *has* put up, a compound of stems, licorice, sand, and hair. It is going to be high; in the leaf it is worth over 10 cents now; it will be worth 20 cents within a year. It can be grown at a profit, in any free state at 5 cents per pound. Tobacco planters have got rich at 4 cents.

Look out for breakers in the way of high prices and taxes, and reflect how better you can meet them than by raising tobacco. Let every man, even if he has to "stretch his conscience" a little, plant tobacco, for it always brings the cash. There are tobacco seeds in every seed-box in stores, and often the plants can be got of neighbors as one does cabbage plants. It will not be quite too late to sow the seed while you are reading this, that is: in latitudes north of 40 degrees. But these remarks are timely for next year. During the summer clear off a piece of new land—cut out the small trees and deaden the old ones in a quick way—and sow turnips in the fall, or make preparations to manure an old field, and have it ready. The effects of this war will last for years; the war itself may. It usually takes a farmer a year to prepare for a new crop; often much longer. But *every one* can do *a little* this year. Fancy the immense amount the North would raise if every farmer planted only one hundred hills. An ounce of Connecticut seed leaf can be had of J. M. Thorburn, No. 16 John street, New York, for 25 cents, post-paid, as I see by their advertisement.

I know of many farmers who will plant from one to five acres. They would not have put out a plant if it had not have been for the war.

I give you a receipt to prevent tobacco worms, as practiced by many with success, and it shortens the labor on the crop fully half. The worm is hatched from a fly which appears in the evening before dark. About sundown build little fires through the field on stumps, or between the rows; the flies will rush into the blaze, and that will be the end of them.

BEANS.

Small white navy beans will be wanted. It requires no more labor to raise beans than it does wheat; perhaps a bushel of beans can be raised easiest. They will bring, at least, one-third more, and usually the yield per acre is greater. Put in a quarter, a half, a whole acre, or ten acres. No crop pays better, is surer, or leaves the land in better order.

FLAX.

There is a strong belief in the minds of many that flax is yet to be crowned king of these realms. There are divers ingenious loyal friends of his laboring night and day to place the crown on his head. Most ancient—in blossom most beautifully blue—how the memories of childhood are restored, when we talk again of flax! When raised for the seed alone, and year after year, it has always been as profitable as wheat. But men will raise wheat, hoping every year to get twenty-five or thirty bushels an acre, and they are deluded like buyers of lottery tickets. Of flax, Virgil says it burns the soil; but if he lived in these days, and raised wheat at 50 cents a bushel, he would call it a burning shame. I hint to the farmers that they had better be thinking of flax-brakes again—of linen sheets and towels, which last, on an average, as long as a human generation—of two pantaloons and shirts, easily dirtied, but easily washed, and so cool as one walks to the meadow with a scythe on the shoulder in the early morning. There have been more true patriotism and more true love beneath homespun linen shirts than beneath cotton ones, and my opinion is that Yankee ingenuity will cause linen to reign at the end of the world the same as at the beginning of it. Farmers! by all means raise flax; in so doing you will be looking forward and be wise.

WOOL.

He who sends a young, good-wooled sheep, to the butcher, is doing his country a wrong. Sales of such should be made to those who have none, or to those who can keep a few more. Sheep should be propagated and handled with as much care as if we had but a few flocks in the country. There are tens of thousands of localities in the West, ungrazed, where, on each, a man can keep 200 sheep at 30 cents a head per year, and in too many other places farmers are raising corn instead of sheep. Wool is worth 45 cents. Corn—I spoke of that before, but a pound of wool can be produced for what it will cost to raise a bushel of corn—or to get a few sticks of cord-wood. The motto of every farmer should be to raise sheep and kill dogs.

More than all—and this is a very important matter—the soil of a farm where many sheep are kept continually increases in value; it is continually impoverished when grain is raised. The very best part of the soil of hundreds of thousands of our farms is annually transported to Europe in the shape of grain, much of it is exchanged for wool, and all of it for what we ought to hang our heads in shame for not producing. It is desirable, since we are about it, that this war last long enough to cure us of this folly, and to learn us how to be a self-sustaining nation. And when the war ends we want to see this result—we want to see a man, on buying a piece of broadcloth, know that it is made of wool, and we want to see him hesitate on buying a piece of cotton cloth for fear there may be wool in it. The mythological story of the Golden Fleece conveys the idea of the golden profits of sheep raising.

ORCHARDS.

Now is the time to plant orchards, because many will neglect or be unable to do so. It is a most fortunate moment for this business, and one who has a taste for it need not fear results if he plant good trees and will inform himself of valuable and late methods of treatment. Here, in Southern Illinois, the Italy of the free states, large orchards are planted this year, and at a future time I mean to astonish readers by giving an account of what has been done here with fruit for the past few years. Some fancy the business likely to be overdone, but this story has always been told, and yet there are no 100 trees of good fruit anywhere in the country which are not worth more than any ten acres of grain. I know of an orchard of fine bearing trees, 4,000 in number, which were set out four years ago this coming May. Foolish and lazy farmers, what have you been doing that you have not orchards of fine fruit? Among six millions of people in the West, forty-nine families in fifty are without apples in winter, much less have they pears and early peaches. A nation given to fruit-growing always is educated and wealthy; exclusively grain-growing, ignorant and poor. The highest civilization is impossible where there are few orchards. Arouse, farmers, emulate the soldier marching daily to new conquests, and by your industry and intelligence force from an unwilling Nature her magnificent treasures.

Useful Receipts.

COLD-CREAM.—The best cold-cream, and the only thing of the kind that is really softening and healing to the skin, is made as follows: take two ounces of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, and a pint of sweet oil, put altogether in a jar, place on the hob close to a good fire, let the ingredients melt and remain molten for some time, stirring them occasionally. When cold, the preparation is complete. Scent of any kind, though agreeable to the olfactory nerves, is injurious to the skin, and should not be added to the cold-cream.

SOILED CARPETS.—When soiled, carpets may be cleaned after beating with the following mixture: Two gallons of water, with half a pound of soft soap dissolved in it, to which add four ounces of liquid ammonia; this may be rubbed on with a flannel, and the carpet then rubbed dry with a coarse cloth.

KID GLOVES.—A simple method of cleaning white or light-colored kid gloves, is to dip a bit of flannel in a lather made of milk and curd-soap, and gently rub the glove till the soils disappear; a wooden mould of a hand of suitable size greatly facilitates this operation, but if you have none you must put the glove on your own hand.

STONE JUGS *versus* TIN CANS FOR FRUITS.—W. B. B., of Southern Minnesota, writes thus:—"Here at the West, tin cans cost at least 33 cents per gallon, and can be used but once, to which must be added considerable more if you live far from the tinman. The 'self-sealers' cost 45 cents a quart here! Stone jugs cost only a 'York shilling' (12½ cents) per gallon, and will last for years. On three years' trial we find the jugs preserve fruit better than tin cans. We fill the jugs while standing on a hot stove; and while the contents are boiling hot, close them with a cork or nicely-fitting plug of soft wood, covering with melted sealing wax or resin."

[REMARKS.—After using hundreds of tin cans, common and self-sealing, we have discarded them entirely, and advise others to do so, on account of the danger there always is of the corrosion of the tin and the production of poisonous salts. Well glazed stone ware jars, bottles, or jugs, answer well. We prefer glass, however. The dark colored glass is cheap. We use wide-necked bottles, one and two quart sizes—mostly quarts—corking while hot, wiping clean and dry, and covering with cement made of one pound of resin with about one ounce of tallow melted together. The bottles are then set necks downward in small tin patty-pans, costing a penny a-piece, or in old saucers if these be on hand, and cement enough is dipped in to completely envelope the top of the bottle-neck. This entirely shuts out access of air. If the bottles be filled with hot fruits, and be corked and sealed while still hot, the pressure is always *inward*, but the tin or saucer covers prevent the cork being forced in by the air. We merely heat the fruits *through* in a kettle, dip them into the jars, or glass bottles of any kind, and seal as above. The experience of two years proves this mode to be the cheapest *and best.*—*Ed. American Agriculturist.*]

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TOMATO FIGS.—Scald and remove the skin of 8 pounds tomatoes: cook them in 8 pounds sugar, till they are clear: take them out with a spoon, (with as little juice as possible,) on dishes, to be dried in the sun, or a cool oven, occasionally turning them. When dry, pack them in a box, sprinkling sugar between the layers: these taste like figs. The round, middle size tomatoes are the best.

WHIPS.—Grate the peel of 1 lemon in 1 pint cream: sweeten to taste: whip it well: beat the whites of 3 eggs and mix. Put apple-jelly, seasoned with lemon, in the bottom of jelly-glasses, and, as the froth rises, put it on the tops.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 7, 2, 6, 13, 10, is a name of a country in Europe.

My 7, 4, 6, 6, 4, 10, is an American poet.

My 3, 2, 3, 11, 8, 10, is a city in France.

My 5, 11, 3, 2, is a volcano in Europe.

My 10, 2, 3, 2, is the principal city in Arabia.

My 5, 13, 4, 13, is a county in New York.

My 10, 8, 4, 8, 13, is a river in France.

My 9, 13, 2, 3, 1, 11, was a celebrated Indian chief.

My whole was a man of great talent.

ENIGMA FOR GAMMEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 3, 24, 10, 22, 14, 17, is a small quadruped having feet of an unequal length.

My 1, 11, 15, 6, 20, 8, 9, 26, was an engine formerly used in war.

My 18, 4, 1, 17, 18, 21, are the people of a certain city.

My 16, 12, 7, 2, 5, signifies plain.

My 13, 23, 8, 24, is a kind of hill.

My 17, 19, 6, 20, 25, is a fixed star in the constellation Perseus.

My whole, as a cadet at West Point, excelled in waltzing, skating and horsemanship, and is now, in our Union army, second to none as a commander. F.

☞ An answer is requested.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 8, 9, 10, is what some players do.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, is a title.

My 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, is the name of a brave man.

My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is found in the country.

My whole is the name of a renowned man.

F. R. W.

CHARADE.

'Twas midnight, and the battle plain
Was strewn with dead and dying;
And gallant men, who scorned to yield,
Upon that fatal battle-field
In their last sleep were lying.

The moon refused to give her light
On such a ghastly scene;
The stars drew back as though the fright
And horrors of that dreadful night,
Had dimmed each lustrous beam.

Upon his side—life ebbing fast—
A wounded captain lay;
Death's hand was o'er his visage cast,
His last sigh mingled with the blast,
And calmly passed away.

My gallant *first*, who by his side
Had fought that fearful day,
Saw where the shot-wound, gaping wide,
Had torn him down in manhood's pride,
And bore his soul away.

"Thou wast," he cried, "the first to go
Wherever glory beckoned;
Honored alike by friend and foe,
The cruel ball that laid thee low,
Why did it not my *second?*"

"But my *third* will lay thee in thy grave,
And mourn with all my soul;
Then I will go me forth my way,
Since now I feel to Heaven's decree,
My duty is my whole." A. B.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an animal.
My second is a measure.
My whole is a part of a gun.

C. L. NEWBOLD.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain square field the diagonal measure across the field, from the first to the third corner thereof, is 20 perches more than one of its four equal sides. What is the number of acres contained in that field?

HELDEBERT KOBEL.

SURVEYING PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A triangular field whose sides are 100, 120 and 160 rods, is required to be divided into 3 equal parts, by lines drawn from the corners and meeting at a point within. Required—the length of said lines? S. G. CAGROIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is Gen. Floyd like one of the loyal Generals upon the Potomac? Ans.—Because he is a General Hooker.

☞ Why is love like a potato? Ans.—Because it shoots from the eyes, and is improved by paring (pairing).

☞ What man is generally out of breath? Ans.—The tailor; he cuts coats and pants most of the time.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Lieutenant Slemmer. ENIGMA.—General Winfield Scott. RIDDLE.—Priests—Stripes. DOUBLE REBUS.—Good Hope, in Africa. (Guardsful, Omen, Odessa, Dusseldorf, Hanover, Orful, Pacific, Elmira.) TRANSPOSITIONS.—(Shad, Dash,) (Monde, Demon,) (Teach, Cheat,) (Deal, Lead,) (Liver, Rivel,) (Slip, Lisp.) MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—175, 206, 253 perches.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by S. G. Cagroin, published March 1st.—Area of each segment, 24.99735 acres; who is farm, 274.89 acres.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Mr. David Anderson, of Martinsville, Morgan Co., Ind., has respectfully requested me to inform you that he, through mistake, furnished you an erroneous answer to his PROBLEM, published March 22. I believe the correct answer, true to three places of decimals, to be—8.176 inches from the vertex of the cone, if the dimensions be supposed inches.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.